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YANK

THE ARMY NEWSPAPER

5¢ JULY 1, 1942
VOL. I, NO. 3
PUBLISHED WEEKLY
By the men . . for the men in the service

NAME C-I-C FOR 2ND FRONT

Story on Page 3

BACK ALLEY FIGHTING *goes to war. Sweeping aside niceties, American troops are being trained to meet a vicious enemy at his own game—free for all, and anything goes.*

Pages 10 and 11

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42 Billion Bux For War Dept.

WASHINGTON—The largest single appropriation bill in the history of the world is well on its way to becoming law. Every cent of it goes to our War Department.

It's more dough than Croesus ever had in his sock, and it's all strictly G.I.

The measure calls for 42 BILLION bucks.

It's to carry the War Department through the fiscal year beginning July 1, and already it has been passed by the House. The vote was 352 to 0.

The bill in itself is a fair indication of what Washington thinks about this war. It's here to stay awhile. The only safe thing to do, one representative told newspapermen before voting yes on the measure, is to assume the war will last five years at least. Of course, that is not an official opinion voiced by a board of strategy, but it is some indication that we are not expected to get out of the trenches, as they used to say, before Christmas.

The bill breaks down like this:

Ten billion bucks goes for Army personnel.

That includes your monthly pay, the clothes on your back, your chow, medical care (shots included) and welfare.

The air corps gets 11 billion bucks —and that ain't million, either, brother—while ordnance is scheduled to buy a lot of stuff with almost 10 billion bucks. Transportation is going to cost almost 4 billion, and that ought to get us a hell of a long way toward those super autobahns that Adolf Hitler taped all over the face of the Third Reich.

The appropriations committee of the House explained in its report that funds for the air corps will build 23,500 airplanes, including spares and accessory equipment. This will complete the War Department's part of the program enunciated by the President on January 6, 1942, which calls for the production of 60,000 airplanes for the calendar year 1942 and 125,000 airplanes for the calendar year 1943.

That's a hell of a lot of airplanes, Adolf.

You, too, Hiro.

Axis Agents Donate $102,240 to U. S.

NEW YORK — Germans, Japs and Italians who sailed for home on the Swedish liner Gripsholm have added $102,240 to U. S. government funds which probably will be used to help defeat their countries.

When the Gripsholm sailed she carried 1,097 Axis nationals bound for an East African port. They were to be exchanged for United Nations citizens interned by war abroad. Before the ship sailed, Capt. William J. Pedrick, U. S. revenue officer, boarded the ship and collected from everyone who owned money to Uncle Sam.

The ship was to sail to Portuguese East Africa via Rio de Janeiro. She carried 495 Jap and Thai officials and 602 private citizens. About 403 more were to be picked up from the Brazil port, all scheduled for exchange.

***DEPTH CHARGE.** U. S. naval vessel convoying merchant ships in Atlantic lets go with high-explosive in spot where enemy U-boat is believed lurking. Army minesweepers have now joined battle against submarines which have taken heavy toll in coastal waters.*

Service Club Is Finally Opened In Australia, Thanx to Red Cross

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA. —They've finally opened a Service Club in one of the cities here, the first of four to be provided. The club was prepared and equipped by American business men, from Red Cross funds.

The club is a beauty. On one floor there is a 150-bed dormitory, hot showers, first aid rooms and even a clothes-pressing service. Another floor has a restaurant which will provide breakfast and the usual snacks, including coffee, doughnuts, apple pie and ham sandwiches.

It's an oasis in a desert of mutton. There's even a soda fountain, and American cigarettes.

Another floor has a lounge room where a guy can write letters or read or just slink around; and there's also what they call an Information on Hospitality desk where arrangements are made for any dogfaces who want to accept some of the invitations they're throwing at us. One floor has a complete theater which can be stripped for dancing, and there's an orchestra that hangs around permanently. Dances probably will be held almost every afternoon and evening.

In an adjoining building parlor athletes can find ping-pong and pool tables, as well as checkers and chess for a really wild time.

Stork Circles Nazi Ship, Drops Babies—Tough Ones

The pilots of a Netherlands squadron serving with the R.A.F. Coastal Command have storks painted on their planes. They also have a pilot named Stork.

Not so long ago Stork found himself over a German merchant vessel. Swooping low to insure proper delivery in the correct stork tradition, he dropped three babies on the ship. The babies exploded. The ship sank.

Don't Promise Her Anything—Marriage Outside U. S. Is Out

WASHINGTON — Be careful what you promise from now on. The book now says:

"No military personnel on duty in any foreign country or possession may marry without the approval of the commanding officer of the United States army forces stationed in such foreign country or possession."

That's the new War Department ruling just handed down in Washington.

There's no official comment available, but some Washington sources are inclined to doubt that commanding officers of expeditionary forces will approve marital ventures except in rare instances.

They say here in Washington that the ruling was established to eliminate conflict between army and civilian authority on such questions as citizenship and immigration laws and to avoid complications in the sudden and frequent movements of troops.

U-Boats Plague U. S. Shipping

Adolf Hitler started playing around in our back yard again during June.

His own submarines, and maybe a few he got on axis-lend-lease from his friend Musso, sank 14 United Nations ships between June 3 and 14 in the Caribbean.

Five were U. S. vessels.

We hit back hard. The Navy disclosed that it has been convoying ships off the Atlantic coast for more than a month, and for the first time the role our own Army is playing in the Battle of the Atlantic was divulged. Army minesweepers, it is now disclosed, are plowing right alongside the Navy through the blue waters of the Caribbean.

They've gotten a number of subs, this Army and Navy maritime team, but how many we don't know yet.

Being able as Americans to take these things in stride, Washington admits our losses but lets the axis guess how many of their corsairs will ever return to get the Iron Cross. We confess the loss of 242 merchant vessels sunk in the North Atlantic since Pearl Harbor. Including losses in Canadian and South American waters, the total is more than 300.

Inauguration of the convoy system has forced the axis to change its tactics, and they're now on the defensive somewhere on a watery five-yard line, trying to punt for distance.

They're planting minefields, and at least three Allied vessels have been sunk by such explosives.

An International News Service reporter aboard a sub chaser with the Atlantic patrol wrote vividly of the rescue of the American crew of a mine-stricken collier.

"We picked up eight survivors. The first man we hauled over the side was John N. Shea, of Baltimore, a quartermaster. Shea, who had been below deck when the mine exploded, was wearing a pair of pink and white striped shorts. From the minute he grasped the line thrown to him to the time he was on deck and had blown the salt water and oil out of his system, he cursed a steady stream—divided equally about the Nazis and the fact he had lost his papers."

June 30 Pay Call Brings More Dough

WASHINGTON — President Roosevelt has signed the bill raising the pay of privates and apprentice seamen to $50 a month and granting increases for all grades of enlisted men. Pay and allowances for commissioned personnel also were boosted. The raise in pay dates from June 1, meaning that it will show up at the June 30 pay call.

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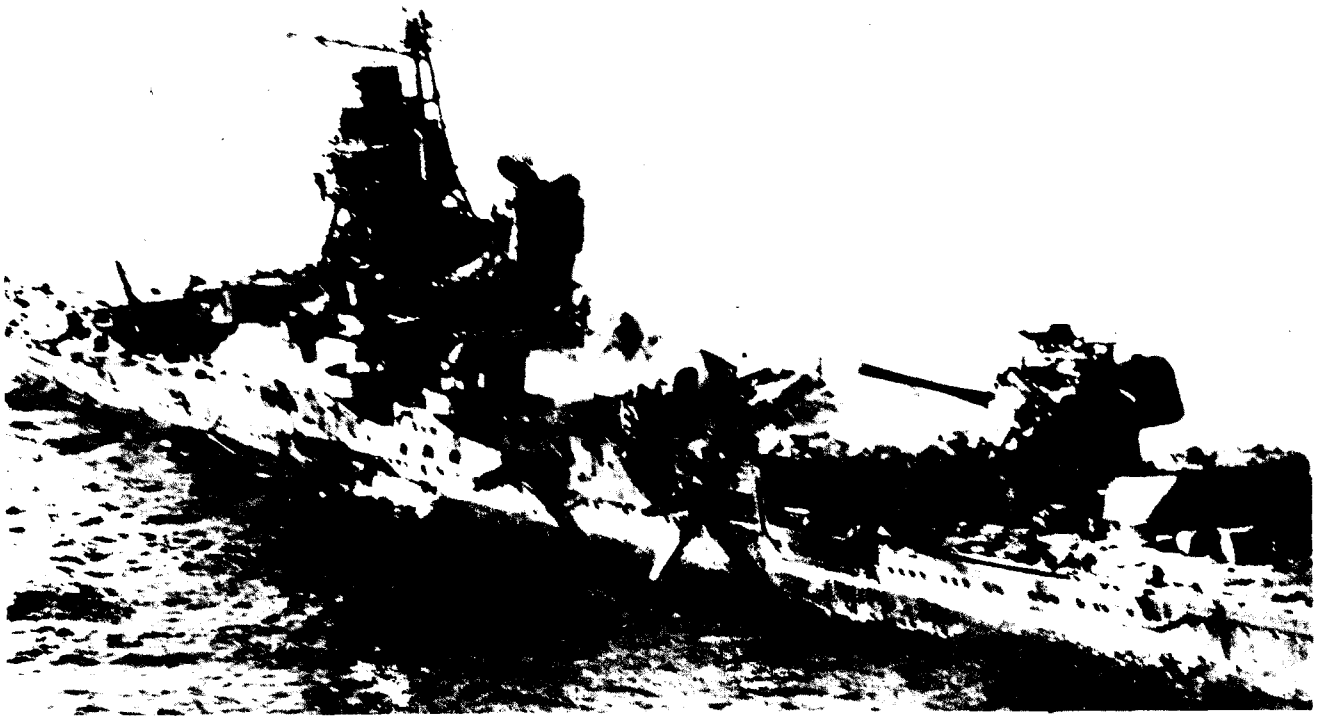
Tank Expert 2nd Front Chief



JAP CASUALTY. Cruiser of the Mogami class burns furiously after American bombers complete their work in Battle of Midway. Deck is mass of wreckage and vessel lists badly. Many Jap seamen lost their lives in rough water when they dived overboard rather than be burned alive.

Eisenhower Plans European Push

WASHINGTON — It won't be long now before we get our crack at the Nazis.

Momentous announcement was made June 25 by the War Department, that a European theater of operations has been established, in command of Maj. Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower. This means that Eisenhower, 52 years old, a smart hombre and expert on tanks, a former assistant chief of staff, will be C-I-C of the long-promised second front.

It also means the second front, with this announcement, is definitely in the works. Gen. Eisenhower is in London now—already planning how best to smack the Nazis on their home grounds.

Follows Churchill Visit

The announcement followed a flying trip to Washington by British Prime Minister Churchill. For five days he conferred at a secret rendezvous with Pres. Roosevelt, chiefs of transport and supply, leaders of our Chinese, Canadian, Russian, Dutch and Australian allies, and war production heads. The definite second-front organization apparently was decided in these conversations.

Need for speed was evident. While Churchill was in the U. S., Tobruk fell to the Nazis, Sevastopol was shaking in the Crimea, and submarine warfare became more intense in the Caribbean. It was definitely time to hit Hitler where it would do the most good—with a strong attack.

Mechanized War Expert

Some guess at the nature of war we can expect from now on can be made from Gen. Eisenhower's appointment. He believes in fast-moving, mechanized war. He went to London last month with Maj. Gen. Arnold, chief of our air forces, and Gen. Somervell, chief of SOS, for a quick look-see at mechanized-and-air possibilities. He helped Gen. MacArthur plan the defense of the Philippines. Texan by birth, West Pointer in the class of 1915, graduate of our tank school in 1921, graduate also of the General Staff School in 1926 and the War College in 1929, Gen. Eisenhower knows his stuff.

The new European theater will have headquarters in London. That moves the focus of our European A.E.F. from Ireland to England, some 300 miles and one sea closer to the Germans.

Brief Announcement

The announcement that we are closing in on Hitler came in a communique which wasted no words. It merely said: "The War Department today announced the formal establishment of a European theater of operations for U. S. forces. Maj. Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, formerly assistant chief of staff in charge of operations division, War Department General Staff, has been designated as commanding general, European theater, with headquarters in London, England. There is nothing to report from other areas."

They didn't need to report from anywhere else. This is what we've been waiting for.

Army Cuts Credit 50% After Aug. 1

WASHINGTON — You'd better stock up at the Army Exchange during July, because starting Aug. 1 your credit is only half as good as it has been.

It's only an experiment, unless it works. For three months there will be a basic training course in a new Army pay-as-you-go policy. All charge accounts will be cut in half, including the Exchange, the barber, and other such services. If it goes over, credit will be abandoned entirely.

The regulation affects all soldiers, overseas and at home. It's designed to reduce the Old Man's paper work to the bone and make life easier for the topkick. The soldier will benefit by receiving fatter pay checks at the end of the month.

At Fort Bragg, N. C., there won't be credit of any kind after July for privates, corporals and buck sergeants. Ft. Bragg will be proving ground for a 100 percent cash-on-the-line experiment. Army exchanges, theatres, barber shops and pool tables will listen only to cash. If the test works, company collection sheets will be discontinued throughout the Army and credit will be as extinct as wrapped puttees.

To make the switch easier at Bragg, a partial pay distribution will be made in mid-July. Exchange books will be sold, with their 5 percent discount, and War Department theatre books with the usual 30 percent discount. And that's all, brother. Sales will be handled by the Exchanges and the theatres, not by organizational commanders.

If, come October first, you can't get credit for beer and butts overseas, you'll know the experiment at Bragg was a success.

Air-Cooled Nazi Tanks; Contrary, Just Hot Air

CAIRO — Nazi tanks in North Africa are not air-conditioned, despite Berlin radio reports to the contrary. British armored unit officers say this is just a "hot weather story" which gets around every time the mercury climbs above 120 degrees.

Captured German tanks have fans but no refrigeration or air-conditioning apparatus. Closest any tanks come to actual air-conditioning are certain American models which have air-cooled engines.

Desk Jobs Going to Over-Age

WASHINGTON — Army officers who are trained in combat duty but are now behind desks in Washington may soon be able to return to the field.

Secretary of War Stimson has announced they will be replaced in the paper work jobs by men in the new Army Specialists' Corps who are past combat age but are well qualified for desk jobs.

"There are too many combat officers in Washington," was the way Stimson stated it, but he did not announce the number who would be released for combat duty. The men to be named to the Specialists' Corps must have special qualifications for the jobs to which they will be named, Stimson said. He emphasized that politics will be out, that the appointees will not receive higher pay than they made in private life, and that the Specialists' Corps won't be a loophole for men trying to avoid selective service.

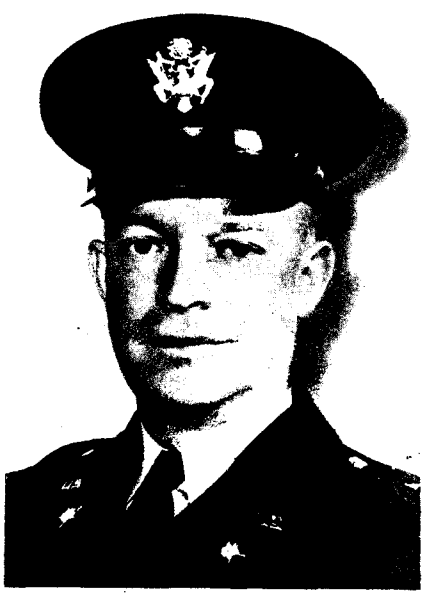
Reds Say Nazis Lost 10 Million

MOSCOW—Ten million casualties have been suffered by the Nazis since they attacked Soviet Russia a year ago, according to an official Soviet report. The Reds admit they have suffered 4,500,000 casualties.

Of the 10,000,000, approximately 3,500,000 were killed, according to the Soviet figures. Russia boasted that 70 per cent of her wounded had returned to active duty while the Germans have returned only 40 per cent. This discrepancy assertedly was caused by the inability of Nazi ambulance facilities to meet transportation demands.

Materiel losses of each nation were listed as follows:

	Russia	Germany
Planes	9,000	20,000
Tanks	15,000	24,000
Guns	Not given	30,500



Maj. Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower

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DAWN PATROL

By Cpl. Harry Brown

I have just come back from an anti-submarine patrol, bowling out over the Atlantic in a bomber.

The bomber was part of a Bombing Squadron, stationed at an East coast airfield.

The field is a war front, just as Egypt and Australia and China are war fronts, and it is on a complete war footing. The men are in a front line. Master mechanics, staff and technical sergeants slog along with .45's strapped to their waists.

AT any hour of the day or night, planes from the field may wing over the ocean to unload a cargo of bombs on the submerged, brittle hull of one of Hitler's subs. The planes are always ready to take off. Their guns and bomb racks are always loaded.

This alertness has paid dividends. An undisclosed number of Nazi submarines are now coffins for their crews at the bottom of the Atlantic.

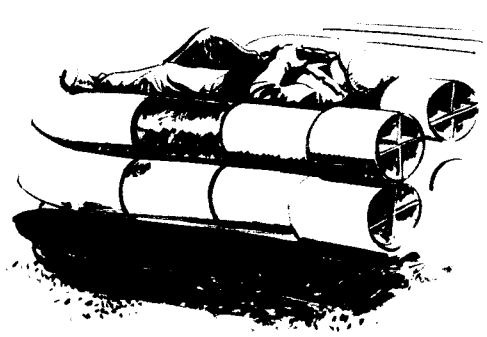
Bombing subs, however, is not the only business indulged in by the men from the airfield. They must investigate everything on the face of the ocean. A quiet tramp steamer may be a disguised raider. There is always the possibility of locating a raft or lifeboat crowded with survivors of a torpedoed ship.

The day's first flight is the Dawn Patrol, on which I went. It may take off at any hour from 3 o'clock to 6. The Air Force likes to stagger its patrols. If patrolling planes began taking off at set intervals it would not take the Axis long to discover that fact.

Enlisted men co-pilot planes at this field. The co-pilot on my plane was a tech sergeant. The bombardier was a sergeant, and the radioman-engineer, a guy named Dietz, was a private.

This is a southern outfit. It has been dropping them on the target for a year and a half now. Most of its personnel come from Florida, and the pilots' lounge and the hangars are heavy with southern drawls.

When the men go up they wear any old thing. They don't go in for flying suits or flying boots or fancy helmets. The whole crew of our plane were in fatigue clothes, from the lieutenant on down. Parachutes are not worn. The sole concession to safety is the life jacket, the "Mae West," that each member of the crew puts on. When I got in No. 4, Dietz threw an old parachute at me. "Sit on this," he said.



I sat in the body of the bomber, on the latrine. A bomber's latrine looks like an ordinary seat, even having a rubber cushion on it. But the top lifts off, and then there is nothing between the sitter and the ocean but very thin air. There are windows on each side of the latrine.

The motors make a hell of a noise. Before they really got going Dietz said, "Ever been up in one of these before?"

"No," I said, "not this type."

"Then hold on tight. She takes off fast, and it's liable to knock you right out of your seat."

Taking off at dawn is a weird experience. We roared down the runway toward the red horizon. The sun was not yet up, and everything is suffused with a faint glow that is light and yet isn't light. We went into the air easily, gaining altitude slowly, swinging over highways and houses.

Now it was light enough that I could look down and see the sleeping houses nestling against each other. Here I was, in a loaded bomber, soaring out over the ocean to a possible battle, and below me people were sleeping peacefully, secure in the knowledge that because of planes like No. 4 they were safe.

As we approached the sea I could see the long sand bars and the shallows that are so numerous on this part of the coast. The air was smooth, and the transition from flying over land to flying over sea was unnoticable.

Flying over water is very deceptive. The

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plane seems to be only 100 feet off the water, when in reality it is much higher. I crawled forward to where Dietz sat. "How high are we?" "Five thousand feet," he shouted back.

The sun broke over the horizon and we flew directly toward it. Below us the swells of the sea glowed red. I watched out the windows, searching for a ship, the track of a periscope, anything that showed life. All was quiet below.

There was mist on the sea, and visibility was only about three miles on each side. I watched Dietz. He was completely relaxed, reading a magazine. It was not his business to keep a lookout.

At the rear tip of the fuselage of our ship is a glass-enclosed observation bubble. I crawled back and peered down, looking back in the direction we had come. There was nothing on the sea. Behind us the mist closed down, hiding the coast. We were alone.

The roar of the motors drowned everything. I shouted, but I could not hear my voice. Yet the motors were warm and friendly. Their very sound gave courage, as though they were saying to the crew, "You fight, and I'll bring you home."

Suddenly one wing of No. 4 dropped as she veered on a new tack. I crawled back to my seat, and Dietz came back to see me. "See anything?" he shouted. I shook my head. "Ever get anything on these trips?"

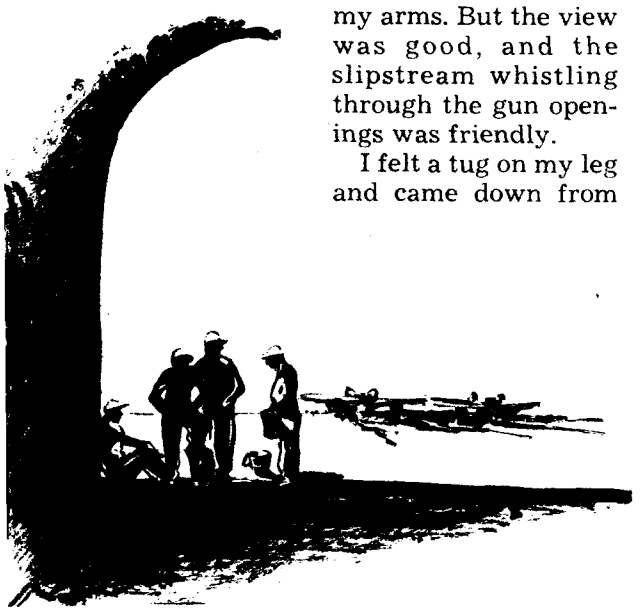
Dietz drew a cigar-shaped diagram in the air and then held up three fingers. No. 4 had sunk three subs.

Dietz crawled back to his position and picked up his magazine again. The face of the sea was tricky. A couple of miles away a rolling wave would take the shape of a sub, conning tower and all, and I would stare at it for some time before the shape faded. Then below I saw an odd breaker, a school of porpoises, leaping and playing in the early sun, unconscious of the plane, unconscious of the war.

No. 4 veered again, and then settled down to a long, straight course. Nothing broke the surface of the sea. All was peace below. Yet there was tension in everything. Any moment we might sight a sub.

I crawled forward again and hoisted myself into the rear gunner's turret. There were two .50 caliber machine guns there, pointing their ugly muzzles back in the direction we had come.

Quarters here were very cramped. I could hardly turn my head, and I could not raise my arms. But the view was good, and the slipstream whistling through the gun openings was friendly.



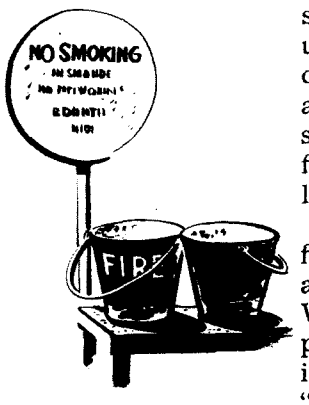
I felt a tug on my leg and came down from the turret. Dietz was crouched below me with a G.I. breakfast —two bologna sandwiches and an orange. I crawled back to the latrine and ate. When I had finished I didn't know what to do with the sandwich wrappings and orange peel. I gestured helplessly at Dietz, and he grinned and came back to me.

Dietz opened the camera port directly under my feet, a circular hatch a foot and a half in diameter. A great surge of air ripped into the fuselage. In spite of it, Dietz disposed of the debris of our breakfast.

Again the plane veered. "We're on our way back," Dietz yelled. "Pretty dull trip."

The sun was quite high now, and at our backs. It was 7:30 A.M. It had been a quiet night and a quiet dawn on the Northeastern Atlantic. Had a ship been torpedoed, a shore station would have radioed us its position and we would have gone to investigate. If any subs were around, they had been asleep that night.

The sandy coast swung into view. As we came over it the air grew bumpy. The plane took sudden rises and sudden drops. Below us automobiles were crawling over roads and highways, and sometimes I could see figures moving on the lawns.



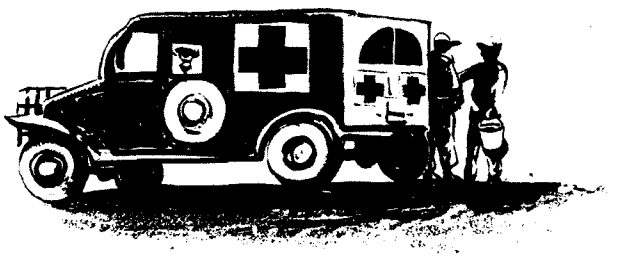
The plane circled the field twice, then made a beautiful landing. When the motors stopped there was an amazing silence. I said "Hello," just to hear my voice, and it sounded very faint. Dietz opened the door in the floor of the plane and together we got out.

To my surprise, my legs felt very stiff, and I bent and massaged a thigh. "Sore?" Dietz asked.

"Very," I said.

"You get used to it. Funny about flyers' legs, though. They hate to use 'em. Most of the guys in the outfit gripe because they have to walk from the hangar to the plane. They're worse than cowboys. Think they ought to have little cars to get them around in."

"It was that bike saddle the rear machine-gunner sits on that did it," I said.



"No, it wasn't that," Dietz said. "It was just sitting and watching. A lot of guys gets sore legs that way. It's the watching that does it. You sit looking for subs and you get immersed in what you're doing, and you forget to shift your position. It's a quiet kind of excitement that gets you up there."

Almost as soon as the plane stopped rolling mechanics came running out from the hangar. The B-24 had taxied up to a gas tank that was level with the floor of the field. The mechanics started refueling her right away.

"Any luck?" one of them said to Dietz.

"I tell you, Charlie," Dietz said. "We got seven subs. It was just like ducks in a shooting gallery. And on top of that we got seven Heinkels. They were lost, those Heinkels. The most amazing thing about it was that I only used one bullet to each Heinkel. I'm a marvelous shot. I'm a credit to the Army."

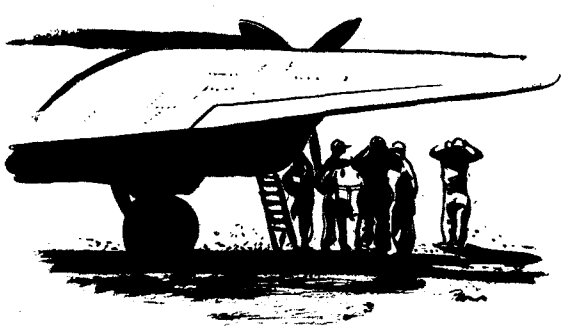
The mechanic said something cheerfully unprintable.

"Why do they load her up again so soon?" I asked.

"Because she's going up again soon," Dietz said. "We don't want her to get out of practice. She's a sweet old crate."

We walked slowly back toward the hangar. "Sorry you had such a dull time," Dietz said. "That's the way it is, though. That's the way all war is, I guess. Duller than hell until there's action, and then exciting as hell. All we do is watch and hope. Yeah, that's it, watch and hope."

He started to take off his Mae West.



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Columbia, Mo.—Doors of the University of Missouri were closed to citizens of countries at war with the U. S. Exceptions may be made in individual cases upon appeal to the board.

Beverly Hills, Calif.—Will Rogers Jr., slated to go into the Army, is the Democratic candidate for Congress in the 16th California district. Friends will do his campaigning for him.

Poland Springs, Me.—Soft drinks may sell for 25 cents and ice cream sodas for 75 before the war is over, Hugh P. Beirne, president of the National Association of Retail Druggists, predicts.

Topeka, Kans.—Sen. Clyde M. Reed announced that he is a candidate for nomination as governor on an anti-labor-racketeering platform.

Ravenna, Ohio—Two years after his wife left him, Norman A. Thompson of Mantua is suing her for alimony. Asking for "support and maintenance," he says that a paralytic stroke has made him unable to work.

Hollywood—A two-piece outfit with a bare midriff worn by Hedy Lamarr in "White Cargo," consists of two pieces of chiffon weighing a total of eight ounces. Since it has more allure than a sarong, it will be called a lurong.

Waterloo, Ind.—George Froboese, 42, Milwaukee bund leader, committed suicide by putting his neck on a railroad track as a train pulled out of the station. Froboese, who once called himself the Midwestern fuehrer, had been subpoenaed by a Federal Grand Jury.

New Bern, N. C.—A druggist explained to the customer that he couldn't buy a tube of toothpaste without putting up an empty tube. "I don't know how I'll get it," the man sighed. "My old one went down when the tanker I was on got torpedoed."

New Haven, Conn.—The Yale University medical unit, which has 105 nurses, 55 physicians, three physiotherapists, three dietitians, a chaplain and a mess officer, will be placed on active Army duty July 15. It will be known as the 39th General Hospital.

Atlantic City, N. J.—The Press-Union newspapers, to save time and space, have dropped all periods after abbreviations.

Kennebunk, Me.—Edward Webster, fishing in the Mousam River, reeled in his line and discovered an 18-inch pickerel had swallowed a six-ounce trout which had swallowed the bait.

Bay City, Mich.—Christian Loeffler, 64, tailor of Clair, Mich., drew six years in the clink for urging insubordination of soldiers. Loeffler, a German national, had told Negro soldiers that they were foolish to fight for this country, that Hitler would free the colored race.

Fort Benning, Ga.—Georgia has the most intelligent mosquitoes in the world, according to a camp paper here. Before attacking, one of them makes a reconnaissance flight around the dog-tag. If the blood type is all right, he signals the rest to bear down on the victim.

Washington—John Ford, motion picture producer, was in the battle at Midway, making task pictures of the battle. The films will be seen by President Roosevelt and the General Staff, then stored in the archives until the war ends.

Taos, N. M.—The small mountain village of Questa has a mechanized town crier. Over two loudspeakers on the roof of the rectory, the parish priest broadcasts war news each night at 9:30. The sound carries two miles.

Camp Blanding, Fla.—Pvt. O. Bruce Little of Manchester, Ohio, heard such strong rumors that he was about to be made a corporal that he went to town and bought four sets of stripes. He returned to camp to find he was a sergeant.

San Jose, Calif.—Civilians here, who have no chaplains to tell their troubles to, are providing a comfortable income for Mrs. J. E. Bishop, professional listener.

Washington—The Federal Bureau of Investigation bought 48,000,000 fingerprint cards this year. There is a strong possibility that Congress will make fingerprinting mandatory for every man, woman and child in the country.

Springfield, Mass.—Mrs. Nora Shaughnessy reported to police that someone stole a potted rubber plant from her front porch.

Columbus, Ohio—Mayor Floyd F. Green laid off half the city's police and firemen and cut personnel in other departments after voters turned down, four to one, a tax levy of a fourth of a cent.

Camp Blanding, Fla.—Through the still night air came the challenge: "Halt! Who's there?" Loud and clear came the answer: "Hell, you wouldn't know me. I just got here!"

Los Angeles—A Doberman pinscher named Tarzan points planes for his master, an aircraft spotter. Tarzan can hear plane motors two or three minutes before they become audible to his owner, Dr. E. B. Alexander.

Newport, R. I.—A motorized beach chair appeared on the scene. Accommodating two passengers and a chauffeur, the contraption does 80 miles to the gallon.

New York—Ralph Ingersoll, editor of the newspaper "PM," received a 1-A classification from his local draft board. Ingersoll, who is 41 and has no dependents, will not appeal the classification.

Prescott, Ariz.—A service station which for years has disposed of old tires by rolling them into a 1,000-feet-deep canyon, is paying eight boys with burros to fetch them back. So far, they've brought up eight tons.

Augusta, Ga.—C. O. Murpheree topped his drive on a municipal golf course. The ball bounced down the fairway some yards and hopped right into the pocket of Murpheree's caddy.

Portland, Ore.—There will be plenty of chittam bark for everybody this season. It's selling for 15 cents a pound now and the 1942 crop will soon be pouring to market. Chittam bark is the stuff they make cascara out of.

Oklahoma City, Okla.—When a bed fell apart during Mrs. James F. McMurry's housecleaning, she couldn't get the mattress fixed in place at one end. Her husband explained later that he had taken the slats to his first-aid class to use as splints for broken legs.

New York—The Duke of Windsor arrived here from the Bahamas to discuss military and economic questions growing out of Caribbean war activities. He was met by the Duchess, who had been visiting in Washington.

Philadelphia—Edgar Bergen made $282,000 in 1941. Charlie McCarthy, he said, got 75 cents a week as an allowance.

New York—Time Magazine chose its title-of-the-week: the Biscuit, Cracker and Pretzel Subcommittee of the Baking Industry of the Division of Industry Operations of the War Production Board.

Goodfellow Field, Tex.—Pfc. Joe Pfluger received a warrant advancing him "from private first class to the rank of colonel." Before buying his shoulder eagles, he made a check-up at headquarters. Result: corporal's stripes, and another success story shot to hell.

Van Nuys, Calif.—Mrs. Mary Surina, housewife, wanted to do her bit for the war effort. She is giving a pint of blood every eight weeks for the duration.

"Hello—tall, dark and handsome!"

Pink Elephants Useless At Plowing, Lapp Finds

AURORA, Ill. — Homer Lapp is a former county plowing champion but, according to his wife's court testimony, he likes to put the quart before the horse. His wife, Maxine, charged in divorce proceedings that he was often intoxicated and she had to do most of the farmwork — including the plowing.

Boston, Mass.—A $93-a-week shipyard worker, convicted of drunkenness on the job, was ordered to buy an $18.75 War Bond each week, give the rest of his pay to his wife.

Fort McClellan, Ala.—Pvt. George Wong of Turtle Creek, Pa., was whisked off to camp before he could clear the shelves at his laundry. No one could decipher his laundry markings. After appeals from customers, USO and the Red Cross, his commanding officer gave him a furlough to go home and straighten things out.

New York—A Bronx tailor departed for Sing Sing, leaving his five wives behind him. Said Wife No. 5: "He was a good man and he was treating me well."

Washington—The U. S. fleet was ordered to cut in half the number of typewriters it uses and to eliminate unnecessary correspondence. The order was designed to release more men for battle duty.

Fort Riley, Kan.—Pvt. Robert Ward of Cleveland is winner of the publication award of the Juilliard School of Music in New York. His winning composition: his First Symphony, recently broadcast nationally by the Eastman Symphony Orchestra of Rochester, N. Y.

Baton Rouge, La.—The State House of Representatives ruled that women don't have to serve on juries unless they want to. Said one legislator: "My wife has too much authority already."

New York—Grover Cleveland Bergdoll, now serving time in Leavenworth as a draft dodger in World War I, was sued by German refugees for legal services in Germany in 1926. They ask $5,000 plus interest.

Columbus, Ohio—Rejected as a naval aviation cadet because of a stiff finger, Guy Vaughn spent $15 to have the offending member amputated. Re-examined, he was accepted for flight instruction.

Washington—Steve Vasilakos, White House peanut vendor who was born in Greece, was granted an audience with George II, exiled king of Greece. President Roosevelt is still the greatest man in the world, Vasilakos decided, "but da King, he's a pretty good boy, too."

Hollywood—Cpl. George Russell of a nearby Army camp came in for a ribbing from his skeptical sergeant when he got a letter with "Rosalind Russell" on the envelope. "I suppose next thing," said the sergeant, "you'll be telling us she's your sister." She is.

Concord, N. H.—Gov. Robert O. Blood won a pewter coffee pot when his six-year-old cow, Crystal Spring Keri, brought a top price of $320 at the spring sale of the New England Ayrshire Club.

ANNISTON, Ala. — William Hoppe, Detroit seaman, passed 10 days on a raft after his ship was torpedoed. Thinking over his domestic problems, he decided to ask his divorced wife for another chance. Mrs. Hoppe declined. She had already remarried.

WASHINGTON—A special five-cent stamp will be issued July 7 to commemorate China's five-year resistance to the Japanese. Abraham Lincoln and Sun Yat-Sen will be pictured on the stamp, and "Of the people, by the people, for the people" will appear in English and Chinese.

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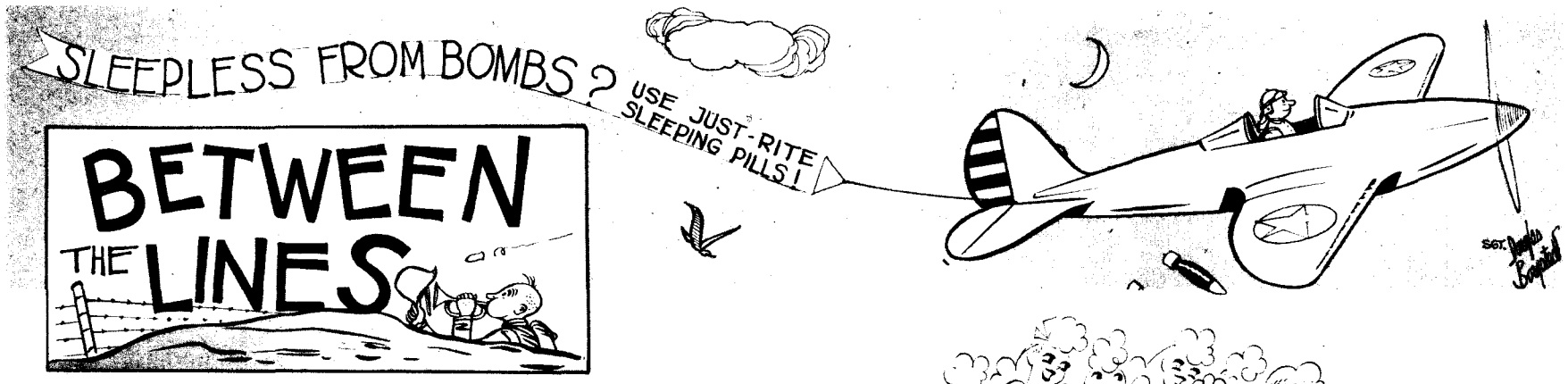
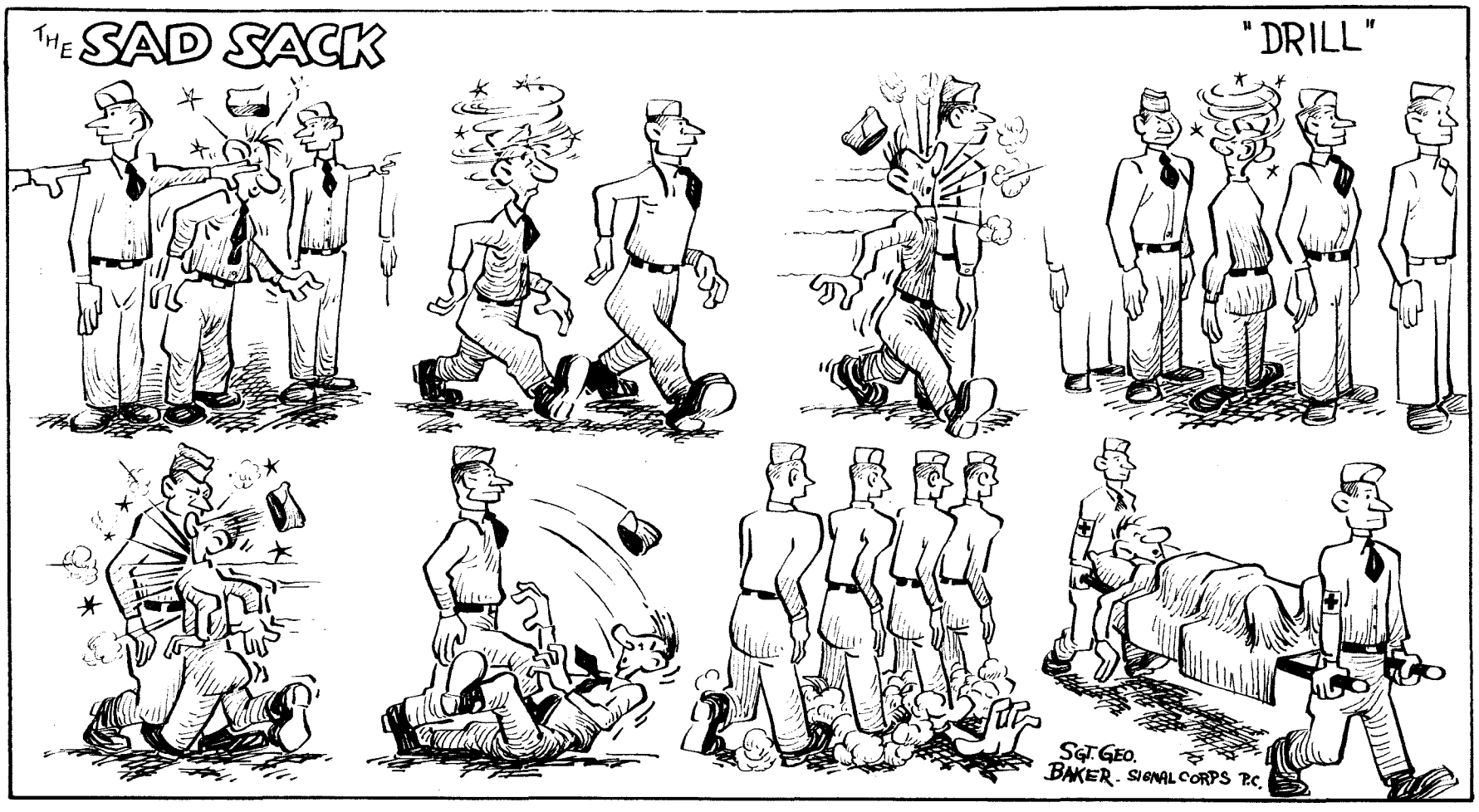


"Bonds? I thought you said blondes!"

"My feet are so tired I'm walking from memory!"

"I haven't the heart to tell 'em we got bunged up this way at the roller rink."

"Lately I've been getting a lot of enjoyment out of smoking a pipe."



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Rags Takes Nip Now and Then

Rags has become quite unbearable since he knocked over that German shepherd last week. "I want to get out of here," he keeps saying. "I want to get where there's some action."

"You're out of shape," we tell him. "You wouldn't last ten minutes."

"Gwan, I'm in the pink," he snaps back at us.

"You're short-winded," we say. "You can't even bite the managing editor's leg without panting."

"Aw," Rags says, "It's the summer heat."

"Go lie on your bed," we say. "Go dream about some rabbits."

"Rabbits!" Rags exclaims. "The hell with rabbits. I want to bite me a Nipponese."

There's no doubt about it, Rags wants to be a war dog. The other day the news editor, who is lousy with facts and figures, was telling him about some of the dogs who carried messages in the last war. Rags was spell-bound. He hasn't bitten the poor guy since.

"It ain't that I want to be a messenger boy," Rags says. "That's for chumps. But I envy those guys being in action."

So we asked him: "Where would you like to be shipped?"

"I don't know," he said. "Almost anywhere, so long as I get a chance to sink my teeth into something."

"How about India?"

"Now you're talking," cried Rags. "Boy, could I have fun chasing those sacred cows around. When do I start?"

We frowned. "You don't," we said coldly. "The minute we suggest a place you start making plans to chase some poor old cows. Some soldier, you are."

"Aw," he answered, "I wouldn't chase cows all the time. Just when I was off-duty."

"Beat it," we said. "Go lie down. Go dream about rabbits."

Rags walked away, shaking his head. Today he came up to us and put his head in our lap. His eyes were very soft and mellow. "How about that India business?" he asked.

"How about those sacred cows?" we asked right back.

His eyes lost a little of their softness.

"I got it from a friend," he said, "that there's more dogs in India than anywhere in the world. Now, I go over there—and in my off-duty hours, mind you—I take on these babies one at a time. I'll knock their ears off. I'll be Champion of India. I'll eat tenderloin every day. What an idea! What do you think of it?"

"Go lie down," we said, "or we'll ship you to Iceland."

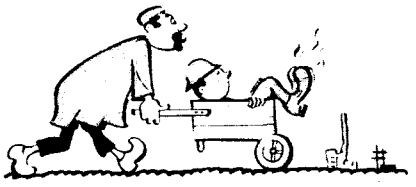
"I'm numb," Rags said. He went and lay down.

Smallest World War Vet Toted Full Pack of Woes

NEWARK, N. J.—Nick Casale, who went through the World War with the sorest feet in the AEF, is a glutton for punishment. He's trying to enlist again.

Nick was the smallest American soldier to face enemy fire in France, and has a scroll awarded to him by a Congressional committee in 1940 to prove it. He was four feet 10 inches tall, two inches under regulation height. How he got into the Army not even Nick seems to know, but once he was in no one ever thought to kick him out, and Nick had a miserable time.

Shell-fire, mud, rain, cold and cooties were nothing compared with the discomfort of Nick's shoes. His trousers, shirts and stockings all were too large, but his shoes were like 10-ton tanks. He stuffed paper and cotton in the toes, but still his feet swam. His short legs couldn't negotiate a full 30-inch



step, and at the end of a 15-kilometer march poor Nick was painfully aware that he had indeed been walking.

When the war ended, the little fellow curled up blissfully in a corner of his billet and hailed him a passing Frenchman.

Journey's End

"Brother," Nick said in his best pocket-dictionary French, "if you want to earn five francs, just wheel me to the nearest hospital. My dogs hurt."

The Frenchman obliged, wheeling Nick three kilometers, amid the howls of fellow doughboys, to a hospital where his feet were patched up.

Shoes were by no means Nick's only concern.

"The rifle was too long — I couldn't reach the trigger," Nick recalls, "so I sawed an inch or two off the stock. It would never do, of course, to fall in for inspection with a sawed-off gun. I had to find me a second gun, and I'd use one to shoot with and one for inspection.

"At the front I thought my size might be a real advantage. There was so much less of me to get in the way of a bullet. But it didn't work out that way. Whenever there was some nasty job like squirming out into No Man's Land for listening post, or crawling out to toss a few grenades at a machine-gun nest, who did they pick? Well, who would you pick? The littlest guy.

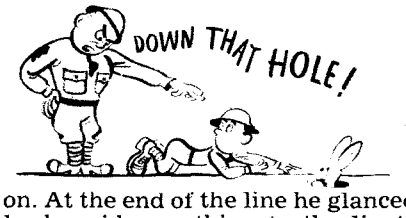
An Infinitesimal Guy

"Dammit, I was so small they even forgot me once—left me out on a listening post when they were relieved from the line to go into rest billets. I didn't know nothin' about it till some French soldiers came out to take over the post. Naturally I wouldn't quit until properly relieved, so there I stayed all night and all the next day.

"Finally I decided they really had forgotten me, and I started back for the lines. I had a hell of a job getting back. Those Frogs were suspicious because I was so small; they just couldn't picture an American soldier my size. Every sentry from the lines to the billets gave me a going over."

The discomfort was not all physical. Some of it was mental, too. Nick didn't mind the other soldiers calling him "Tom Thumb," but he still becomes nettled when he thinks of this incident:

General Pershing, reviewing the 37th Division after the war, walked along the ranks, giving a cursory glance to each soldier. When he reached Nick he stopped, looked him up and down once, shook his head in puzzled fashion and walked



on. At the end of the line he glanced back, said something to the lieutenant accompanying him, then walked away. Try as he might, Nick never was able to find out what the general said.

Credit Where It's Due

Nick was convinced by friends in 1921 that he ought to get recognition from the government for having served in a war when he did not have to. Somehow the movement grew, and in 1935 the New Jersey Legislature petitioned Congress to give him a medal. The medal never materialized, but the Senate military affairs committee awarded him a scroll testifying that he was the shortest fighting man in the A. E. F.

Now Nick wants to serve again. Not, however, in the infantry. This time he wants to entertain the troops—by tap dancing.

GAL OFFICERS READY FOR TRAINING

DES MOINES, Ia.—This pleasant mid-western city soon will echo to the tread of G.I. feet, feminine gender.

Carpenters are busy brightening up the old brick barracks at Fort Des Moines for the first shipment of girls who will enter officer's training courses at the new Women's Auxiliary Army Corps School.

Maybe there are a few men in the back of the hall who haven't heard about the Women's Auxiliary Army Corps because they've been too busy with K.P. or didn't get the home town paper in the last couple of months.

Well, the Women's Auxiliary Army Corps—known as the WAAC'S to save wear and tear on tongue and tonsils—is the new women's army.

Their Jobs

It will train women to take over behind-the-line desk, switchboard and chauffeur jobs, cooking, laundry, air raid duty and the million other soldier tasks that could just as well be handled by bright young ladies.

The War Department appointed Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby, smart wife of a former Texas governor, to direct the corps. She planned at first to take about 12,000 hand picked volunteers, beginning at $21 a month, and maybe increase the quota later.

The first call was for 375 top notchers to attend this officers' candidate school in Des Moines. More than 40,000 American women tried to get in. It was just like a dress sale at a bargain basement counter.

Many applicants were turned down in a rigid mental test. Then Mrs. Hobby went through the survivors and selected 500 girls that fit her standards. She was beginning to cut that 500 down to 375 for the first officer's class when something drastic changed all her plans.

The Feminine Touch

Grumpy corps area and division commanders, who were expected to snort at the idea of having women in their outfits, flooded the War Department with requests for these girl G.I.'s. The army decided that it could use a woman's touch, after all.

Now Mrs. Hobby and her male superiors in Washington are working late nights on new plans to double or possibly triple the original strength of the WAACS before next winter. Meanwhile, Fort Des Moines gets ready for the 375 embryo officers. Under the new expansion program, the class may be enlarged.

Because these future officers are hand-picked, there won't be a guard house on the premises. And no K.P., either. The girls will be busy enough studying military courtesy and other aspects of army life.

No Chintz

That goes for this class of officer candidates only. In the future, the girls studying to be WAAC leaders will go on K.P., empty the garbage and haul the coal when the Mess Sergeant says so, just like any other G.I.

The barracks at Fort Des Moines, according to one of the officers in charge, will be "somewhat on the severe side but comfortable, light and clean." In other words, fancy embroidered spreads on the bunks and chintz draperies on the foot lockers are out.

There will be regular Saturday morning inspections, too. Most women are used to inspections at Saturday afternoon bridge parties and Saturday night dinner dances at the Country Club but this Saturday morning primping up before the mirror will be brand new stuff to them.

The P.X. at Fort Des Moines is ready for rush business. It has installed a complete line of lipstick, powder, uniforms and bobby pins.

Imagine things like that being bought with a canteen check.

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Situation Unchanged

CHOW! There are better ways to consume a can of peas than by lining them up on a bayonet, but as long as he's feeding his face the GI is usually satisfied. So happens this is a Marine on recent California maneuvers, but notice he's a gentleman: wears cravat with pack and turns knife blade in—not out.

MAIL CALL. Wherever the Army hangs its hat, there are things a soldier likes. Mail from home is right up front. Here are jeeps in North Ireland who hit the jackpot. Those grins are the McCoy.

SHOTS. And there are things the soldier dislikes. You've only to look at the poor guy's face to see how much fun this operation is. The picture, taken aboard an Australia-bound transport, is sort of a character study of medicos: Sadistic babies, ain't they?

PAY DAY! Only difference here is that the CO is paying off in English money. Using the coin of the crown saves exchange difficulties in North Ireland. In another moment the next soldier will grab his part of the national debt and move out. Happens that way all over—and it happens regularly.

RECOGNIZE THIS? It's K.P., pal, and it's the same in Australia as it is at Camp Upton, Long Island. They don't hire union dishwashers at Upton, and they don't call in aborigine maidens from the bush to do grease duty "down under," either.

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Fighting Dirty

1. A FIRM STANCE *and a quick left arm are the two important things in taking a knife away from the enemy. There's no time or reason for using hands.*

2. RIGHT ARM *acts as a lever below his right shoulder. Left arm, twisting back his right, paralyzes it, throws him off balance. Note the knee action.*

This is a mighty mechanized war, they say. This is a war in which great machines ruin great cities and destroy great armies and the individual soldier is as nothing. But in the training camps of Britain and in some of the stations of America, men are being taught to fight the fight of personal enterprise. They are learning a simple but terrible hand-to-hand technique, the ruffian tactics of thugs and bullies—the art of dirty fighting.

Using the Japanese tactics of judo and jiu-jitsu, and perfecting new and equally deadly techniques of their own, American and British soldiers are learning how to eliminate the individual enemy by gouging his eyes and twisting his arms and kicking him in the groin.

The American Marines learned long ago a lot of this technique. The Commandos and the parachutists who do their deadly work on the invasion coasts of Europe have been trained thoroughly in it. The 2,000,000 men of the British Home Guard receive daily lessons. In its physical education course at Fort Meade, Md., the Special Services Branch is teaching the tactics of dirty fighting to officers of the Army of the United States.

Never use the fist, they are taught, when you can use the edge of your hand. Strike with the little-finger side of the hand, making contact with the hard edge halfway between the little finger and the wrist, using a chopping action from the elbow, with the full weight of the body behind it.

Strike swiftly at the enemy, blow after blow as quickly as possible. Hit the sides or back of his wrist; the forearm, halfway between the wrist and elbow; the biceps. Crack at the sides or back of his neck or below his Adam's-apple. Get at his kidneys or the base of his spine.

Use your boot on him, always kicking sideways so that you can put more force behind the kick and make it reach farther. Kick at his leg, just below the kneecap. Follow through by scraping down his shin with the edge of your boot from the knee to the instep. Finish the job by stamping with all your weight on his foot to smash its small and delicate bones.

If he's lying on the ground, take a flying jump at him, for the "bronco kick." Keeping your feet together, draw them up by bending the knees, and then, when they're eight inches above him, shoot your legs out straight and drive both boots into his body, smashing the bejaysus out of him.

He can't parry a kick like that. He can't do anything but try to escape by rolling away from you or to protect his body with his arms. But 150 pounds of man and 150 pounds of flying impetus will drive your boots into him with a force that will probably kill him.

In close fighting, do the dirtiest and most revolting thing a fighter ever did. Put the weight of your body on one leg, bend the knee of the other by drawing your heel back, and drive your knee as hard as hell into his testicles.

Aim at his chin. Crack at it with the heel of your hand and the full force of your body, spreading the fingers to reach the enemy's eyes for gouging. Never draw your hand back to betray your intention of striking. Make every movement as quickly as possible.

Learn the thumb hold, which is more effective than any other. Three or four pounds of pressure will make the opponent helpless, will make him do anything you want.

Grab his left thumb with your right hand in such a way that you're able to bend it backward. Take his left elbow with your left hand, turn so that you're facing the same way that he is and pull his hand back to his shoulder. Hold his elbow close to his body. The simplest tweak of that thumb will make him cringe and obey.

The Japanese strangle hold is a good one, from the front or from behind. If you approach your opponent from behind, put your left arm around his neck, with your forearm bone pressing against his Adam's-apple. Put the back of your right arm on his right shoulder and clasp your right biceps with your left hand. Place your right hand on the back of his head. Pull him backwards with your left forearm and press his head forward with your right hand—and strangle him.

If you approach him from the front, grab his right shoulder with your left hand and his left shoulder with your right hand. Push with the left hand and pull with the right, spinning him around quickly before he knows what the hell's up. You're almost in position now and, besides, he probably has his legs crossed. Fix the clenches that you would use in approaching him from the rear and do the same deadly job.

It's dirty fighting, the sort you'd expect to find in the nastiest street brawls. But it works!

And that's the main thing to remember. Maybe dirty fighting isn't the American way of fighting but we are not coming up against men who play the game according to the rules. War is a lot different from a high school basketball game. There won't be any referee around to send the Jap to the penalty box or give you a free throw at the basket to keep him in line. So you'll just have to get rid of him by giving him a good strong dose of his own medicine.

So kick him and choke him and give him the thumb in the eye. That's the kind of treatment he deserves.

And remember, when you get in close to him, bring that knee up into the place where it hurts most. And bring it up hard!

3. BENDING *the knees and moving forward, you throw the enemy completely off balance and he's on the way down. Paralyzed hand has dropped knife.*

4. ON HIS BACK, *with his arm twisted behind him and his knife gone, a Japanese soldier is much more agreeable, much quicker to listen to reason.*

5. IMPOLITENESS *is essential in taking over a sentry's rifle. Grab quickly, diverting his attention by kicking him firmly in the groin. The rifle doesn't seem so important to him then. He wishes he was home with mother.*

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GOUGING IS CRUDE *and has long been frowned upon, but to hell with that now. Go ahead and gouge. Go ahead and knee him in the groin. Go ahead and burst his eardrums by cupping your hands and striking him simultaneously and hard above both ears. The Marquis of Queensberry isn't writing the rules for this war.*

1. THERE ARE SEVERAL *effective methods of strangulation. In this one, the top man merely wraps a hand around the Adam's-apple and squeezes.*

2. THIS ONE *uses the little hollow between the victim's shoulder blades. A finger or two, pressing firmly, will cut off his wind in no time at all.*

6. THE MAN WHO *rears back to kick at you is playing into your hands. Grab heel and toe for a quick twist outward and you can spin him over like turning the page of a book.*

7. ONCE THE OPPONENT *is down, his foot is the thing you want to work on. Forcing it back into the small of his back, twist at the same time. Note the exquisite Nipponese facial expression.*

3. PRESSING *with the heels of the hands below his ears, in the little valley between chin and neck, renders him helpless by paralyzing the hell out of him.*

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Nazi Big Push Is On

Axis Launches Twin Drives Toward Near East; British Lose Tobruk, Russians Meet New Drives

BELATED hell, with a little bedlam thrown in, broke out during the week of June 21 in the Mediterranean.

General Erwin Rommel, who takes to desert warfare like the little foxes that cluster around the water-holes of the Libyan desert, worked out of a British trap and won a major victory that carried to the Egyptian frontier.

His now-celebrated Afrika Korps slammed into the historic garrison of Tobruk on the Libyan hump faster than the Australians originally took it under the auspices of General Wavell back in the dear, dead days when the war was confined to the shores of Europe and the jungles and deserts of Africa.

The situation at week's end was gloomy for the United Nations. Nowadays a shot spattering in the sands of Libya can ricochet around the world.

And it did.

General Rommel's eastward drive toward Suez was coupled with a fierce and frenzied German drive to the north in Russia. The hun hammered at the gates of Sevastopol, and threw his weight against Kharkov to the north in the Ukraine.

The war news showed, however, that we were in there slugging.

For the first time during the war in the Libyan desert, United States Army Air Corps went into action against land objectives in North Africa, after the fall of Tobruk.

Big, hard-hitting Consolidated bombers were disclosed in Cairo to have sliced into the Axis base of Bengazi, four motors roaring, and smacked Rommel in the rear. Bengazi is the chief Libyan coastal base supplying Rommel's forces, and the U. S. action was an aerial hot-foot and no getting around it.

Whether such blows would stretch the line of Rommel's communications thin and smear his water-thirsty troops and oil-thirsty tanks across the desert was purely problematical at press time.

There was little likelihood in anybody's mind that air power *alone* would do it. On the other hand, all the experts sitting 6,000 miles away agreed in their own peculiar experting way that a job of work couldn't be done against Rommel *without* air power.

That sounds like a redundant argument for this late date. After the day of the Stukas. After the Battle of Taranto. After the innumerable battles of the Libyan desert. But certain quarters were just getting around these last few weeks to recognizing the primary power of the airplane, not only in land warfare, but on the sea.

The fact that America had powerful bombers to cut loose over the Libyan desert was a big help. How many they were and how hard they will hit is unknown, but their work helped assuage the loss of Tobruk.

What made it really tough was that Tobruk went out so quickly. Rommel's men slapped through the defenses, weakened by the long campaign and suddenly newspapers throughout the world admitted in the stark immutable way of headlines:

"Tobruk Falls: 25,000 Captured."

Those were the facts and that's all there was to it.

Suez, next stop?

That had been Hitler's objective all along. Rommel turned in that direction, only 300 miles from Alexandria.

The Libyan losses were a heavy blow to the British, but by no means forecast defeat in North Africa.

Besides the battered British 8th Army, the 9th and 10th Imperial Armies are in the Near East, from which reinforcements were arriving as Rommel's armies reached the Egyptian border. Then came the first U. S. warplanes, with U. S. fliers at the controls.

Whether the British would make a stand on the border was not known, but it was considered more likely they would withdraw to the vicinity of Matruh, about 100 miles eastward. This point is connected by direct rail lines with Britain's centers of strength in Egypt and has a fortress at least equal in strength to Tobruk. And if the Nazis should reach Alexandria, they would find the city about as tough to take as Sevastopol.

100,000 Casualties in Sevastopol

Sevastopol, on the southern tip of Crimea, still held against Nazi attacks as the second year of war began in Russia. At least 100,000 of the attackers, according to Soviet sources, fell, dead or wounded, in two weeks of assaults more furious than any the Nazis had previously launched in their eastern campaign. Still wave after wave of tanks and infantry was hurled at the city in a desperate attempt to carry out Hitler's command: Capture Sevastopol at any cost.

By sheer weight of numbers, the Nazis pierced defenses north and south of the city, filtered through the streets and into underground fortifications, fighting the defenders hand-to-hand, bayonet against bayonet. They smashed wedges into the defense lines, but the principal fortifications still held.

The Nazis also launched a new offensive in the Kharkov area to the north, apparently confident that Sevastopol would fall momentarily and the path would be open for a drive through the Ukraine toward the Caucasus, which produces one-tenth of the world's oil supply.

Hitler Needs Grease

It is not fuel for motive power that Hitler wants from the Caucasus. This is available in Iran and Iraq, which are much more accessible. The crude oil around Baku is especially suited for high-grade lubricants, and Hitler is desperately short of lubricating oil and grease for his mechanized forces. How deeply he has already dipped into his reserves is proved by Axis tanks' use of olive oil for lubrication in Libya.

Should Axis armies conquer the Caucasus, they would then be in a position to strike through Iran, meet the southern Axis column and advance into India, where they plan eventually to meet the Japanese.

Major obstacles stand in the way. Bitter resistance from a strengthened Russian army is one of them. The possibility of new battle fronts is another.

The question of the week, therefore, was where Adolf Hitler intended to go on his spring drive.

Toward the Caucasus and its oil?

Or to Suez to choke off the remaining British lifeline and use the famed canal with which to gorge Europe with part of the overflow (if any) of Japanese booty from the Far East?

Both of these were possibilities.

But there were some who saw the drives as part of a more grandiose master scheme. The Chinese had seen it first, long before the first snows were melted by spring on the frost-bitten steppes of Russia. The Chinese, openly and officially, voiced the prediction that Hitler was driving straight for the heart of British India, that he would launch one pincers of a still vaster movement to meet the Japanese who would try to push up through Burma.

In the Pacific, where United States air and naval forces have scored three smashing blows at Japanese fleets—in the Coral Sea, at Midway and in the Aleutians—there was relatively minor activity.

Vessel Shells West Coast

An enemy vessel, apparently a Japanese submarine, lobbed nine shells in the general direction of Fort Stevens on the north Oregon coast, but all fell harmlessly in sand dunes and scrub pines.

Twenty-four hours earlier, there had been a similar attack on Vancouver Island, in Canada.

As a result, the entire West Coast was kept on the alert.

Farther north, in the Aleutian Islands, where American forces thwarted a Japanese invasion via Alaska, small enemy units still held the sparsely settled islands of Attu and Kiska, far out from the mainland. At Kiska American bombers, taking advantage of one of the few breaks in fog, damaged a Japanese cruiser and sank a transport. Enemy positions were not believed to be strong, and American newspaper readers expected daily to learn that American marines and soldiers had landed and that the situation was in hand.

SEVASTOPOL GIRL — *Senior Sergeant Lyudmilla Pavilchenko has killed 300 Germans. Sleeping by night on floor of dugout where Red army machine-gunners are entrenched, she moves out by day on assignments from superior officers: to get Germans in a machine-gun nest, snipe at officers in a field headquarters, pick off troops in enemy lines. An historian in civilian life, she is making history now.*

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—This is the northern route Nazis propose to take to Near East. Primary objective, once the Black Sea naval base at Sevastopol is knocked out, is the Caucasus oil country, toward which they are now striking from the Kharkov front. Capture of the Caucasus would give Nazis much-needed lubricants for their military machine and a road southward to meet Axis column heading eastward across North Africa.

—This is the southern route the Nazis plan to take. Having captured Tobruk, Field Marshal Rommel is massing forces to drive through Egypt to Alexandria, Cairo and the Suez Canal. Should the Nazi master plan succeed, Rommel would join the Axis column emerging from Russia and advance toward India for an eventual meeting with the Japanese. Strong British defense awaits him, probably near Matruh, 150 miles inside the Egyptian border.

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Double Trouble
—Mail and Female

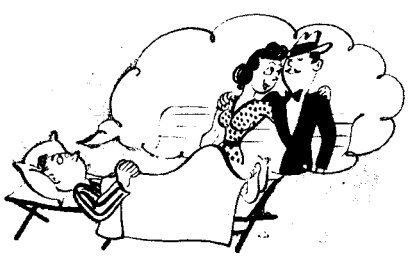
By Cpl. William Harkaway

I am sitting on a coral strand somewheres in the South Pacific, 6000 miles from Brooklyn. I got a tan, and 57 fish in my jeans which I picked up last night in a little game of jackstraws with a couple of Jersey bouncers, but I'm still not happy. I got troubles. One trouble is mail. The other trouble is dames. Not in that order, though, believe me.

The mail situation is in worse shape than the last half of the Giants' batting order. I just don't get any. Everybody else nails plenty of letters, but not Little Willie. When the boat comes in I say "Today's the day. I'll get five first classes and a special delivery." But nothing comes. I get mad. "What's the matter," I say to the company clerk, "are you holding out on me, you dope, you?" No, he says, I ain't holding out on you, Willie. You just didn't get anything, that's all. Maybe nobody in your family can write. "I'll slug you," I say to him. He's an illiterate himself.

Plenty of people in my family can write. My Uncle George wrote himself right into Dannemora, a prison in case you don't know.

Because of the mail situation I have not heard from my girl, Juanita, which is something that depresses me more than the Top's face. What is Juanita doing? Sometimes I lie down at night and I think, My God, maybe right now she is walking in Prospect Park with a 4-F. Or, maybe she is off carousing somewheres in Flatbush with a bunch of tannery workers. My heart bleeds. I run cold. I'm as depressed as a skunk with a busted stinker. Every day I write to Juanita, and the letters pile up, and when the boat comes I ship them all off.



Maybe she'll write pretty soon, but whether she does or not, when I get back to Greenpoint I'm going to give her a hit in the head just for making me chaw my digits. Not that I'm a dame smasher. I'm strictly a clean living guy, but I got my feelings. Right now I got the angries.

There are natives here, but they are very fuzzy all over, and some of them got bones stuck in their noses. I don't know what kind of bones, but they better not be human. The natives stand around and watch us work all day and jabber in a lingo that sounds like something out of the upper Bronx. The female girls are awful. They droop, if you get what I mean. Right now our labors is concerned with sanitary facilities, and believe me, you never saw so damned much sanitation in your whole life. I don't know what we're going to do with all this sanitation.

If you want to look up Juanita, tell her that I am unhappy and that I am going to give her a hit in the head. On second thought, though, you better not tell her that last. I want to surprise her.

Portrait of Pvt. Moto

Forget those Cock-and-Bull Stories About the Jap—Here's the True Dope

Five-feet-three; weight, 117 pounds.

Drafted for two years' service in peacetime.

Draws $2.36 a month overseas, of which eight-tenths is sent home.

Carries a pack weighing 60 pounds.

Has ten times as many horses as motorized stuff in his division.

Does without field kitchens because his army has none, but eats rice and meat which he carries with him.

Struggles 35 miles on an average march, and wouldn't fall out because he'd lose face.

Does his fighting and builds his equipment according to the dictates of the territory in which he will fight. Something of a copy-cat—but a good one.

Emotionally high strung, he may be eccentric in combat—but hardly a fool.

Is a brave, tough fighter, but not so hipped on suicide missions as Occidentals believe. He wants to see the sun come up next morning just like anybody else.

The Real Info

That's your average Jap as described by U. S. Army men who've seen him and who know him from long association. They've written a book, "The Jap Army," distributed by the Army Orientation Course, which makes 142 pages of the most informative reading—and the most entertaining—yet published about an outfit generally classed as the Great Unknown.

Two lieutenant colonels, a lieutenant and the staff of the Infantry Journal have gone a long way to debunk the sensationalism and pure bull which has been spread around about Pvt. Moto. They've done their job from a soldier's angle without making it sound like a training manual.

Lieut. Col. Paul W. Thompson, Engineers, starts off frankly and truthfully:

"It is safe to say that no American understands the Japanese Army in the way that many Americans understand, say, the German Army. However, by making the best of many sources, we are able to build up a general picture of our Far Eastern enemy, which, though lacking details, is likely to be helpful."

And it is.

Old Draftees

The cornerstone of the Jap Army is conscription, which was begun in 1872. The Jap accepts military service as an inevitable and honorable estate. He is an extraordinary little cuss on two counts: physical endurance and emotional qualities, but there is some evidence of smart publicity rather than sheer nerve in regard to his "suicide" acts. For instance:

"We can ring in the hallowed incident of the three living torpedoes of Shanghai, who are alleged to have converted themselves into a bangalore torpedo, stretched themselves under the Chinese wire before Shanghai, and lighted the fuse. Actually, evidence adduced at the time indicated strongly that the three engineers were simply victims of a premature explosion, but that is not the point.

"Fashion" Is Spinach

"The point is that the Japanese authorities seized on the incident, developed a suitable version, and glorified it to the skies. The three 'heroes' were cast in bronze-and-stone, and set up in 'shrines' over the land. It was and is the **fashion** for any Japanese soldier to betake himself to one of the shrines occasionally and steep himself in the official version of the glorious deed."

Another emotional shot in the arm contributes to Pvt. Moto's amazing physical hardiness. On long marches a flag is carried at the head of the column. To the Jap this flag is not only the image of his country in arms, but the incarnation of imperial divinity, of the supreme chief of the race.

"The determination not to lose face is strong enough at any time; but it reaches the life-and-death stage when the soldier is picking them up and putting them down under the eyes of the emperor, as symbolized by the flag up ahead."

The Magnificent Jerks

Jap officers are described as "magnificent leaders of men," technically less sound than ours but possessing "magnificent nerve and fighting ardor." Along with that, an eye-witness describes another characteristic which illustrates a distinct part of their makeup:

"Every evening during the campaign (in North China) . . . the Japanese officer put on his kimono and took his saber from its sheath, with infinite care to preserve the fine edge of its blade. He then would tie a handkerchief over his mouth so that his breath might not tarnish the brilliancy of the steel, and amorously caress the naked blade with a white silk handkerchief. Nobody spoke during this sword-cleaning process, which was in the nature of a rite . . ."

In some ways, Mr. Moto has an army as modern as it is old fashioned. It is possible that half his 70 or 80 divisions are triangular. His streamlined outfits consist of about 12,000 men, and compared with ours are weak in automatic weapons. Strangely enough, he has no armored division; his only armored stuff so far used in the South Seas has been tank regiments.

His Shootin' Scrap-Iron

His rifle, the Arisaka, is a M1905, weighs 10 pounds, 2 ounces. But he can't get rapid fire out of it. He doesn't use the sling and he grabs the piece just ahead of the trigger guard when firing. The slack sling and the action cocking on the closing thrust of the bolt makes it too tough for the little guy to keep the rifle on his shoulder while operating the bolt.

The most practical Jap small arm is his M1925 Nambu automatic pistol. Modeled after the Luger, it's issued in 8 mm, eight round capacity for noncoms and 7 mm, seven round capacity for officers. Two types of holsters are supplied: one ordinary pattern, the other having a telescoping section which can be pulled out far enough to use as a shoulder stock.

Trickiest arm the Jap ground pounders have is their "heavy grenade-thrower." It's a 10½-pound simplified mortar, and is the best idea Japan has had for an infantry weapon. Easily carried by one man who can handle a good supply of ammunition too, it's issued six to a company. Because it lacks the big mortar's bipod mount, it is aimed by one man who holds it at a 45-degree angle while another drops the grenade in. Fire is by lanyard.

With all his peculiarities and his unorthodox way of doing things, "The Jap Army" carefully gets it over that Mr. Moto is a trained soldier and one who has been worked over pretty thoroughly. He's tough because he has to be.

JAP PRISONERS: These Japanese soldiers were photographed in a U.S. prison camp on Bataan peninsula. They are eating American food, which explains the absence of rice. Jap soldiers have no field kitchens to supply them with food; they carry rice and meat.

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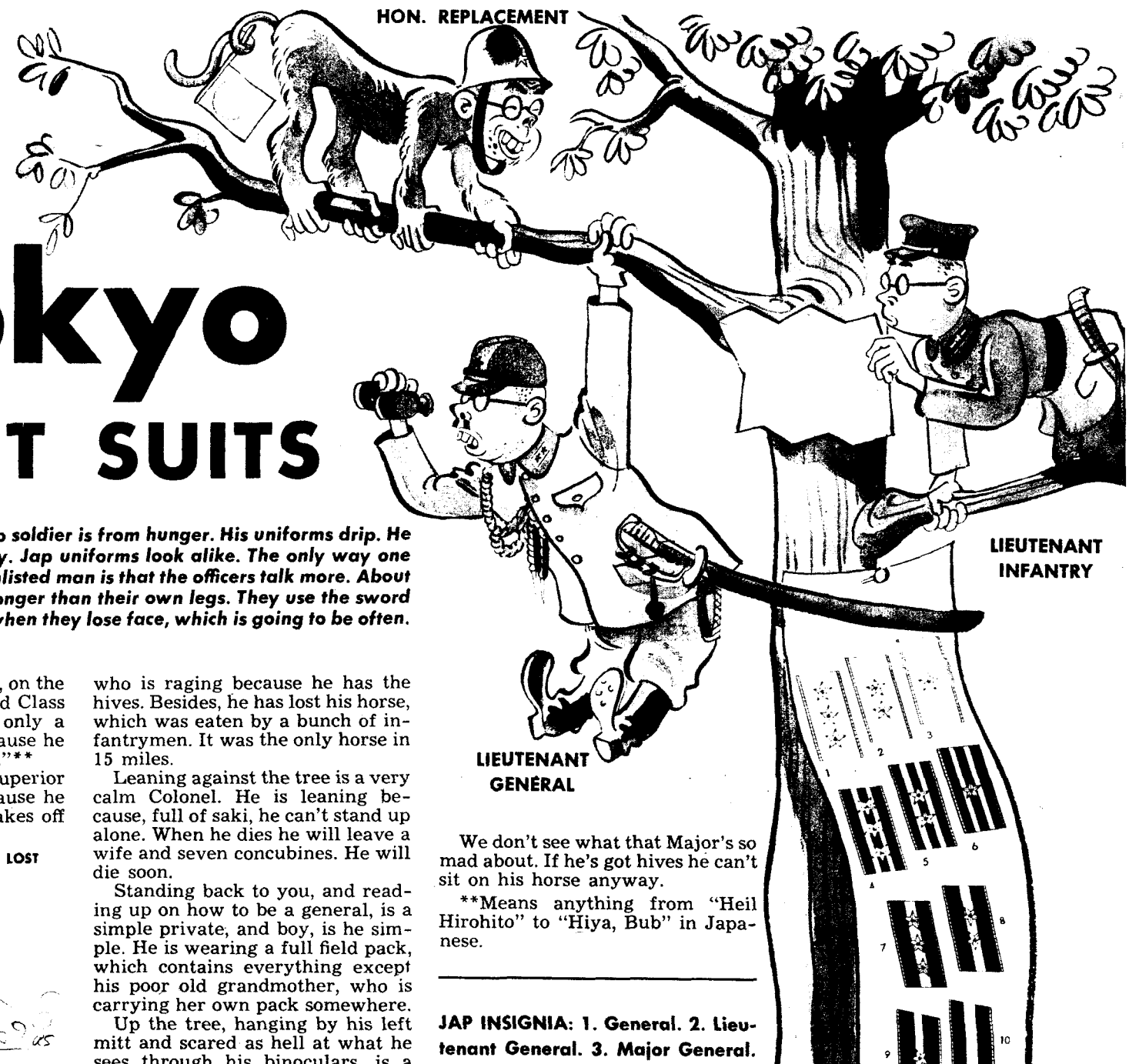


Tokyo ZOOT SUITS

As a fashion plate the Jap soldier is from hunger. His uniforms drip. He has a talent for being messy. Jap uniforms look alike. The only way one can tell an officer from an enlisted man is that the officers talk more. About less. They also got swords longer than their own legs. They use the sword to disembowel themselves when they lose face, which is going to be often.

Reading from left to right, on the ground, we hit first a Second Class Private. The reason he is only a Second Class Private is because he lisps when he says "Banzai."**

Next to him we have a Superior Private. He is superior because he can actually see when he takes off

his glasses. He once won a prize for bayonetting prisoners.

The guy in the overcoat is a Private First Class. He doesn't lisp when he says "Banzai." He is very proud of his teeth, and likes to gnaw table legs with them.

The gesticulating mug with the long sticker is a Major of Cavalry, who is raging because he has the hives. Besides, he has lost his horse, which was eaten by a bunch of infantrymen. It was the only horse in 15 miles.

Leaning against the tree is a very calm Colonel. He is leaning because, full of saki, he can't stand up alone. When he dies he will leave a wife and seven concubines. He will die soon.

Standing back to you, and reading up on how to be a general, is a simple private, and boy, is he simple. He is wearing a full field pack, which contains everything except his poor old grandmother, who is carrying her own pack somewhere.

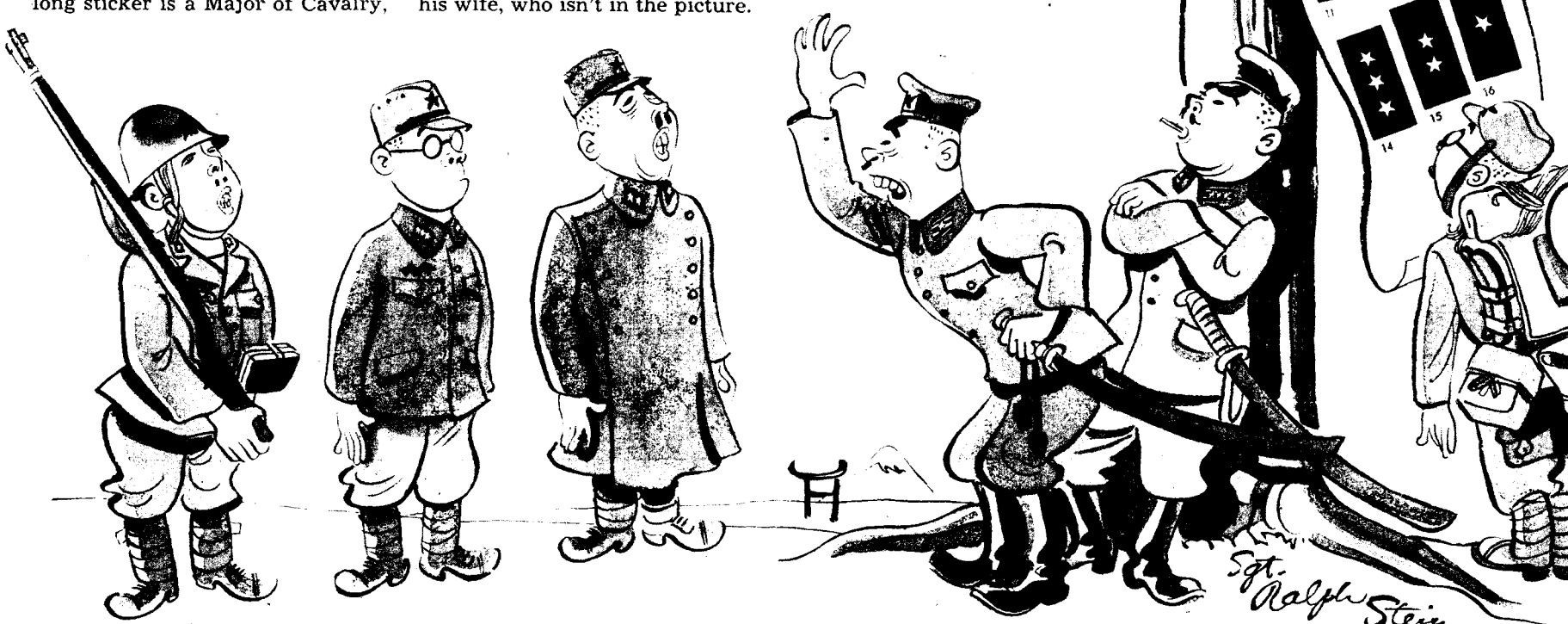
Up the tree, hanging by his left mitt and scared as hell at what he sees through his binoculars, is a Lieutenant General, and behind him, scanning a map, is a Lieutenant. The lieutenant is bow-legged, but you won't be able to tell until he stands up.

At the very top of the tree is a Jap replacement. He will be called up any day. Meanwhile he stands around and waves the flag. So does his wife, who isn't in the picture.

We don't see what that Major's so mad about. If he's got hives he can't sit on his horse anyway.

**Means anything from "Heil Hirohito" to "Hiya, Bub" in Japanese.

JAP INSIGNIA: 1. General. 2. Lieutenant General. 3. Major General. 4. Colonel. 5. Lieutenant Colonel. 6. Major. 7. Captain. 8. First Lieutenant. 9. Second Lieutenant. 10. Warrant Officer. 11. Sergeant Major. 12. Sergeant. 13. Corporal. 14. Superior Private. 15. First Class Private. 16. Second Class Private.



PRIVATE SECOND CLASS — SUPERIOR PRIVATE — PRIVATE 1st CLASS — MAJOR OF CAVALRY — COLONEL — FULL PACK

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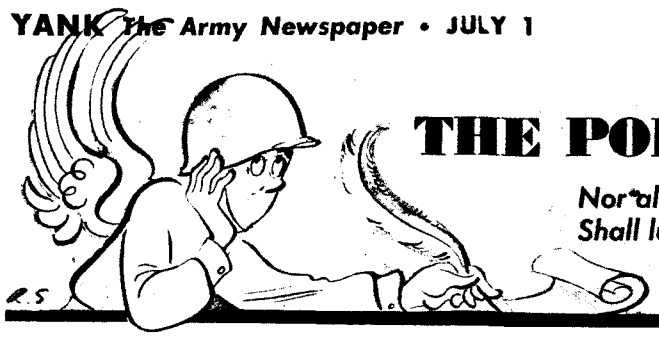


THE POETS CORNERED

Nor all your piety and wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line.
Omar K., Pfc. 1st Pyramidal Tent Co.

Chow Call

Chow call was blown. The line soon formed.
It stretched for half a mile.
Those at the tail were full of groans,
While those in front did smile
And first in line, the first of all,
Our hero proudly stands.
He holds a battered messkit
In his outstretched, eager hands.
The chow is on, the doors flung wide,
Cooks yell, "Come eat, by heck!"
Our hero races in so fast
He damn near breaks his neck.
He grips his plate. A yearning look
Has crept into his eyes.
A cook, in pity, swears to feed
Our hero 'till he dies.
He walks away, his plate heaped high
With soup and meat and beans,
Potatoes, corn and gravy,
Rice pudding, cake and greens;
A cup of G. I. java,
He drinks his coffee neat.
(There is no man can drink two cups
And stay upon his feet.)
A brief three minutes' chomping,
And our hero's plate is bare.
He grabs it up, runs to the door,
Breaks through the chow line there.
Another gobble of his grub,
Another chow line run,
Our boy is soon at work on "thirds,"
Before most "firsts" are done.

The K.P.'s and the cooks depart,
And steal into the night,
But still our hero lingers on,
To have just one more bite.
And when at last he is full gorged,
And staggers through the door,
He still is game enough to try
To finish one bite more.
Full-fed and surfeited, he stands
And fills the air with groans.
"I never saw such lousy chow.
I couldn't eat," he moans.

Pfc. James Hinson

THE SERGEANT

I do not like the Sergeant's face.
I do not like his chatter.
And what I think about his brain
Is censorable matter.

He sits in a tent
At the end of the street
And clutters the desk
With his oversized feet.

I do not like the Sergeant's nose;
It would look better broken.
I do not like his tone of voice
When drill commands are spoken.

He walks in the rear
When we're out on the march
And never relaxes
To "Route Step, Harrch!"

I do not like the Sergeant's views
On Army Life and such,
But what I think about the Sarge
Don't seem to matter much.

He can still pull his rank
When I enter my pleas,
And I find myself stuck
With the chronic K.P.'s.

Pvt. Joe Sims

PLAINT

The colonel has his eagles,
The captain has his bars,
The major has an oak leaf,
The general has his stars.

And if you're counting chevrons,
The topkick has a slew,
The bugler has a single one,
The corporal has two.
The marksmen have their medals,
Technicians have their "T,"
There must be some insignia
For everyone but me.

I'm not marked out in any way
And that's why I don't see
How all those gol-durned chiggers,
Can head right straight for me.

Camp Wolters Longhorn

Mail Call

Drop us a line. We'll print your letter and illustrate it if we can. Just address Mail Call, YANK, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City, N. Y.

Hawaii

DEAR YANK:
Our outfit got a big disappointment in Hawaii. We haven't been able to find any grass skirts. The natives claim that they went out of style in the 19th Century—which is a lucky break for them, I suppose.

We have been working quite hard lately; no Sundays off, and 10 hours a day at work. There are plenty of blisters on my hands, and I don't mean girls. They only let us remove our shirts for 15 minutes at a time, because of the heat of the sun.

I am located on top of a rugged cliff. We long for incoming ships and the Clipper, and are always hoping that there will be mail for us. What do we have to do to assure the presence of YANK among that mail?

PVT. JOHN ROSSON

That last question is easy, old boy. Just read the next letter.

Hollywood

DEAR YANK:
I read about YANK in the Christian Science Monitor, and I want to do my bit to help out. I am enclosing a dollar, and I wish you would use it towards a subscription for some soldier.

LAURA EVANS DUNN

Right, it's a good idea and we'll do it, and many thanks to screen actress Dunn. Pvt. Rossen gets the subscription.

Ireland

DEAR YANK:
. . . You guys going to carry any crime news? Any juicy murders?

WISTFUL

Sorry, but no one interesting is being done in these days. We only have so much space, and what crime news we report will usually be tied up with the Axis in one way or another. Can't you get any nice, gory detective story magazines where you are?

Somewhere in the Caribbean

DEAR YANK:
Down here where we are we've heard from several sources about your paper. We're on an island. What we want to know is, will we be able to get YANK?

CPL. MILTON SCHWARTZ

You will. Island bases or wherever; makes no difference.

Newfoundland

DEAR YANK:
Those pictures of the four British heroes in the first issue were beauts, and you've got a damned good photographer. I'm an amateur photographer myself, working under certain difficulties here. Would you tell me what kind of camera was used on these shots

S/SGT. TOM WLLIAMSON

The camera was a Speed Graphic, and our photographer's name is Sgt. John A. Bushemi. He's glad you liked his work. You'll be seeing more of it.

A Caribbean Base

DEAR YANK:
Never mind how a sailor got a copy of your first issue, which I didn't like much, except for the cartoon on page 15. What I want to know is: I read the editorial and one sentence in it got me. The man who wrote it says "When there is poetry it will reflect our poetry." Now what the hell does that mean? I'm not dumb, just cagey.

SIGNALMAN T. S. ENDICOTT

Poets are queer guys. You have to appeal to them in language only they can understand. Our editorial writer is a poet, so he knows the lingo.

A Reception Center

Dear Yank:
Do you fellows know whether it's okay to paste your girl's picture inside your foot locker cover, or can you get gigged for it?

Pvt. John Fannoli

Depends on what she looks like . . . and the officer who's inspecting.

Aruba

Dear Yank:
Why don't they let the men at West Point grow mustaches?

Pvt. Dutch Guinan

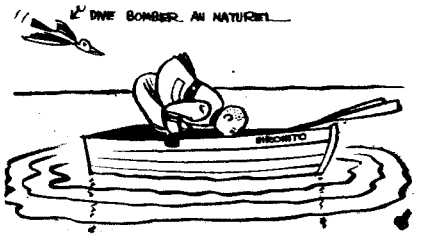
You know what Hitler looks like.

Somewhere in the Pacific

DEAR YANK:
Is the rumor true that Hirohito wants to buy our glass-bottom boats at Catalina, so that he can review his fleet?

PVT. EMORY EDWARDS

Yes, it's true what they say about Fish-eyes.



TWO CENTS WORTH

FOR several days now we have been amusing ourselves wondering about the Italian sailors reaction when they looked up and saw American planes flying over them on June 13. "Santa Maria," *we can imagine one of them saying,* "It'sa too mooch. We came in on the wrong-a side. Oh, pastafazoola!" The Italian, for all his bombast, is a logical man. When he sees he can't win, he quits—at least, that's what he's been doing these last two years. There's something heartening in the way Italians surrender, they do it with such verve. Perhaps a lot more will be surrendering now. We think we can find room to tuck them away somewhere.

WE'RE not so sure the pay raise is a good thing, but before you start throwing canteens at us, let us explain. It isn't our idea; on the contrary, it comes from a friend who is in the Engineers. He's been getting along pretty well on $30, and says, "When I am making $30 per, everything's O.K. I only spend $34 a month, which ain't so bad. Four bucks a month in debt only adds up to $12 for a quarter. But with $50, I'll be going in debt about $6 a month. That's $18 a quarter, a criminality. By the time the war's over I am going to be owing a lot of fish." Figure it out for yourselves, chums.

THE Gestapo would have us believe that they got the assassins of Heydrich just as their ultimatum expired—said ultimatum being that if the assassins were not turned up at a certain time, all Czechoslovakia would suffer. The Gestapo was very fortunate, we think, in getting the culprits, who happened to be the first two people seen at the expiration of the ultimatum. We have a feeling, though, that all Czechoslovakia will go on suffering, just the same, and that Heydrich is much hotter where he is now than he would have been during the Prague summer.

YANK

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EDITORIAL OFFICE:
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YANK
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PUBLISHED WEEKLY
By the men.. for the men in the service

The Bigger Battle

This has been called the War of Liberation. It is no baloney to say that our kind of democracy is today the hope and guide of a world that wants liberty and peace. Look at the list of White House visitors: Soviet Commissar Molotov, British Prime Minister Churchill, Greek King George, Netherlands Queen Wilhelmina. They did not come on social calls.

They came because our kind of democracy is the world's champion refuge against oppression, with all the sock and kayo punch that go with the champ: fighting spirit, stamina, power. They look to us not just because our kind of democracy can produce materials of war better than anybody else, but because our leadership can be trusted to use our power for the good of all men.

Commissar Molotov, President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill did not just talk about war. They discussed PEACE. And that is perhaps the most significant fact that has yet emerged from this war. They are making sure, this time, that what we are all fighting for is worth the fight, and that the victory of the peace table will be lasting and humanitarian.

That gives us something to fight for, all right. It proves that this time America has courage to be a world leader for a lasting peace, as well as for military victory. It insures that what we are fighting for on many fronts will be won at the council table, too, and that after this war, if any twerp arises politically to threaten our peace, we will be in there swinging before he gets set to hurt anybody.

Now it's up to us to win the war.

But that's not enough. After the war we've got to back up the beginning Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Molotov and Mr. Churchill have made, and see to it that nobody throws a wrench into the peace table machine. We've got to remember to keep in that fight, too.

We Haven't Had Our Bats Yet!

A Day In The Field With The Axis PRO Boys . . .

Model Nazi

"He was one of the best Nazis," Hitler said.

"His was a character of rare purity," Himmler said, "with an intelligence of penetrating greatness and clarity. He was filled with an incorruptible sense of justice. Truthful and decent people could always rely on his chivalrous sentiment and humane understanding. During months as a deputy Reich Protector, he displayed his generous qualities extensively."

The "character of rare purity" belonged to Reinhard Heydrich, assassinated No. 2 Gestapo chief, called "The Hangman." Already 700 Czechs have been murdered in revenge for his death.

Rowboat Warfare

The Russians still control the Black Sea, according to latest reports from Sevastopol, even against terrific odds.

Two swift German torpedo cutters and a German submarine—coming either from Nazi-occupied Odessa or the Balkan coast—were recently sighted by two Russian rowboats. One of the cutters was reported damaged and towed away. The submarine was said to have crash-dived in the face of machine-gun fire.

Static

Just in case you want to know, here are some prize comments made by Axis radio stations lately and picked up by YANK for your entertainment. They must think our intellectual level is pretty low if we would believe such stuff as:

German Radio: Gen. MacArthur was chosen chief of staff of the United Nations in the Southwestern Pacific because he is handsome, and the Americans know that most of the women will like him. But, says German radio, "ask him for some bread and he'll shoot you." (Some German asked the General for bread, likely.—Ed.)

Tokyo Radio: Prime Minister Churchill came to the U. S. because he and Mr. Roosevelt were so lonesome in their respective capitals that they had to console each other with a reunion. (It will console Tokyo also to see the results of that meeting.—Ed.)

German Radio: American officers are expert at stealing but know nothing about military strategy. (Sure. They can steal the shirt off a German sentry's back.—Ed.)

German Radio: The Pacific Ocean belongs to the Japs. (That's funny. We thought the Germans had heard about the Battle of the Coral Sea, and Midway.—Ed.)

Rome Radio: American ministers have practically requested from the altar that Irish girls subject themselves to the pleasures of American soldiers in Ireland without hope of becoming married or even acquiring American citizenship. (Sounds like the plot of a wop opera to us. If we remember right, it was Mussolini, entering this war, who was looking for something for nothing.—Ed.)

More Static

German shortwave radio, broadcasting from France, says American reception of war heroes is an insult to British dignity and pride. Nazis object strenuously to our showing the boys a good time. Because they met President Roosevelt and were entertained in principal American cities, the whole tour was called Hollywood sensationalism, put on at a time when the war was being lost by Britain and "her somewhat disreputable allies." Even the Nazi radio didn't deny that the British and U.S. "disreputables" were heroes.

Pierre Sounds Off

"I hope for German victory."

The speaker was Pierre Laval, Vichy Chief of Government, the man who now sits in the saddle and lashes France with a whip. The occasion was a radio speech directed at French workers.

Laval asked French workers to leave their families and volunteer en masse to help German factories produce.

"Workers of France," he said, "it is for the liberation of our prisoners that you are going to work in Germany. It is for our country that you will go there in great numbers. It is to permit France to find her place in the new Europe that you are going to answer my appeal."

. . . and Gets Patted by Adolf

Berlin had high praise for the speech in which Pierre Laval said he hoped Germany would win, though a Wilhelmstrasse official expressed annoyance that the speech had been picked up in America.

"The speech was destined for the French Nation and *not* for foreign consumption," the Nazi said.

Wisecrack

Nazi agents send home American slang slightly mangled. Berlin shortwave tells England, "There's an American wisecrack applicable to U.S.A. today—'You're not really tough. You only just smell strong.' "

You're not really clever, Dr. Goebbels. You just can't forget German syntax.

"Bars" of Freedom

German broadcasts to England mention American convicts who want to fight against Hitler. Nazis say convicts are "the only people in the U.S. who have a real reason to fight for freedom." This sounds like an admission that America is a free country. Germans didn't mention that even a convict in U.S. feels superior to Nazis.

CAN YOU DRAW, PAINT, OR MAKE CARTOONS?

YANK wants artist contributors! If you can draw cartoons or make action sketches of what goes on where you are, send it to us at YANK, 205 East 42nd St., New York City.

ARE YOU A FRUSTRATED POET?

YANK wants your poetry, even if your best pal won't read it. Long or short, funny or serious, mail it to us from wherever you are and we'll print all we can. Just address YANK, 205 East 42nd St., New York City.

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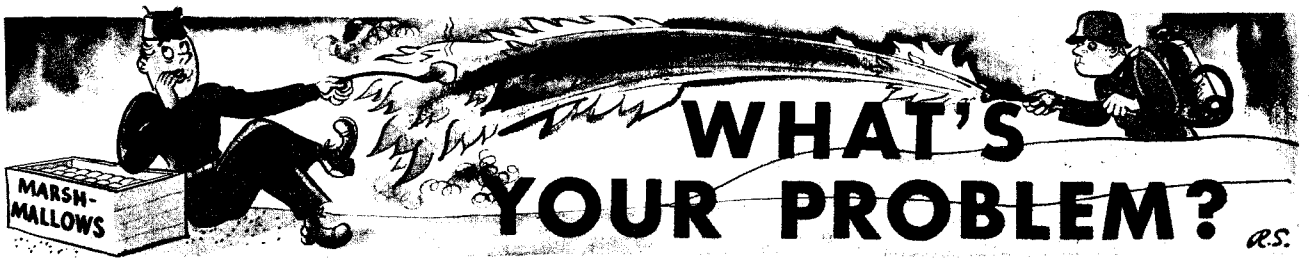


Here are a few questions that may come up from day to day. Questions of routine, administration, the war in general. They may settle arguments, bets.

Salute on Guard

Q. When I'm walking guard and an officer approaches, do I give him the Rifle Salute?

A. No. To be G. I. come to Present Arms. If he stops to talk, shift to Port Arms. Return to Present when he leaves. Some units give the Rifle Salute, but it's not G. I.

Engineer Insignia

Q. The U. S. Army Corps of Engineers has an insignia, said to be modeled after the gates of Verdun, in the form of a castle. Has any other unit a similar insignia?

A. Not in the U. S. Army, but The Royal Suffolk Hussars, an English Yeomanry Regiment, has a castle insignia that's almost a dead ringer for the Engineer button.

Q. If I buy a bond, may I have it mailed to me outside the U. S.?

A. No. Bonds will not be mailed outside the continental limits of the U. S. or District of Columbia, but you can buy them and have them held for you at home.

Q. What are the "four sections" of the General Staff?

A. G-1 is Administration; G-2 is Intelligence; G-3 is Operations and Training; G-4 is Supply.

Nurses

Q. Is it true that an enlisted man can't date an Army nurse?

A. Technically it's true. A nurse is a commissioned officer; is out of our league. But remember that superior officers are supposed to encourage initiative on the part of enlisted men. . . .

Q. How long will the water in the cooling tank of a .30 caliber machine gun last?

A. There are too many factors involved in this for a direct answer. The climate, rate of fire, all play an important part in the speed of evaporation. An afternoon of short bursts, not too closely spaced, shouldn't dry the cooler. But half that time of more active fire may leave you with a redhot barrel.

Q. Is the khaki or O.D. visor cap authorized for off-garrison wear?

A. Not officially for enlisted men, since it's no longer an article of general issue. Most skippers don't frown on it for off-duty dress-up.

Shelter Half Patch

Q. A rip in a shelter half makes rainy days hell on bivouac hikes and I can't salvage the wreck till new supplies arrive. What's the best way to patch it?

A. First cut evenly around the rip to make a clean hole. Cut a canvas patch slightly larger than the hole. Then call in the motor pool for help; borrow some inner-tube patching compound and apply your canvas with it to the outside of the shelter half. Allow to dry. You'll sleep sound in rainy weather.

Q. What is the best way to sight for firing at airplanes?

A. Don't use the peep sight in firing at airplanes. You can't use the peep sight and see the target too, which you must do to apply the required lead. If your weapon has a battle sight, use it. With other weapons you aim by sighting over the top of the rear sight and the front sight in a manner similar to that used in firing a shotgun.

Q. What are some of the types of armored vehicles?

A. In general, armored vehicles are classified as scout cars, armored cars, and light, medium and heavy tanks. In addition to these, self-propelled assault, antitank, and antiaircraft artillery, and armored personnel carriers have some of the characteristics of armored vehicles.

Training School

Q. Does the Army have a school to train men in military government and liaison?

A. A new school is being set up to train officers in the tricks of military government and liaison. This will be the objective of the School of Military Government at the University of Virginia.

Q. What is the estimated number of dentists now looking into the teeth of Army men?

A. Approximately 3,550 dentists, regular, reserve and National Guard. A great deal of drilling undoubtedly takes place off the parade ground.

Travel Pay

Q. What is the rate of travel pay received by a soldier upon being discharged?

A. Upon honorable discharge from the service you will be entitled to travel pay at the rate of 5 cents per mile for the distance from the place you are discharged to the place you were accepted for enlistment, enrollment, or muster into the Army, not including sea travel.

Furlough Allowance

Q. Under what conditions may a soldier not be paid furlough allowance?

A. If you are granted a furlough, you are entitled to an allowance for rations during the period of the furlough. It will not be paid if you overstay your furlough unless you are excused by your company commander.

Sunstroke

Q. What are some of the reactions a soldier may have to sunstroke?

A. The symptoms are headache, dizziness, oppression, and sometimes vomiting; the skin is hot and dry, and the face flushed; the pulse is rapid and full; the temperature is high, often ranging between 107 and 110 degrees.

Q. Can enlisted men, get free legal advice?

A. In the U. S, there are local civilian organizations that offer free legal aid. Overseas, in the absence of these, your best bet is the office of the Trial Judge Advocate.

Insurance Policies

Q. I've taken out G. I. insurance and instructed that the policy be mailed to my beneficiary, but she hasn't received it. What's the score?

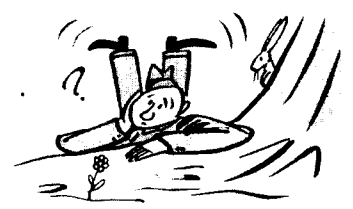
A. Policies are mailed as directed. There have been so many policies taken out lately, that clerks are snowed under. Your beneficiary should receive a certificate that the policy has been made out. Later she will get the policy itself.

Heat Prostration

Q. Is the treatment for heat prostration the same as for sunstroke?

A. No. Heat prostration is caused by sweating out too much salt, and can happen in any hot place, not necessarily in the sun. The main treatment is salt water to build up the patient's salt content again as quickly as possible. This is all in the field manual, so it's a good idea to look it over in odd moments—if any.

YANK HAS THE ANSWERS....



. . . to your problems. We'll settle all arguments on military etiquette, love affairs, the National League and how to cook beans. We'll sound off on who's right and who's wrong, and you can beat us up after the war's over. Write to YANK!

G. I. JOE

by Sgt. Dave Breger

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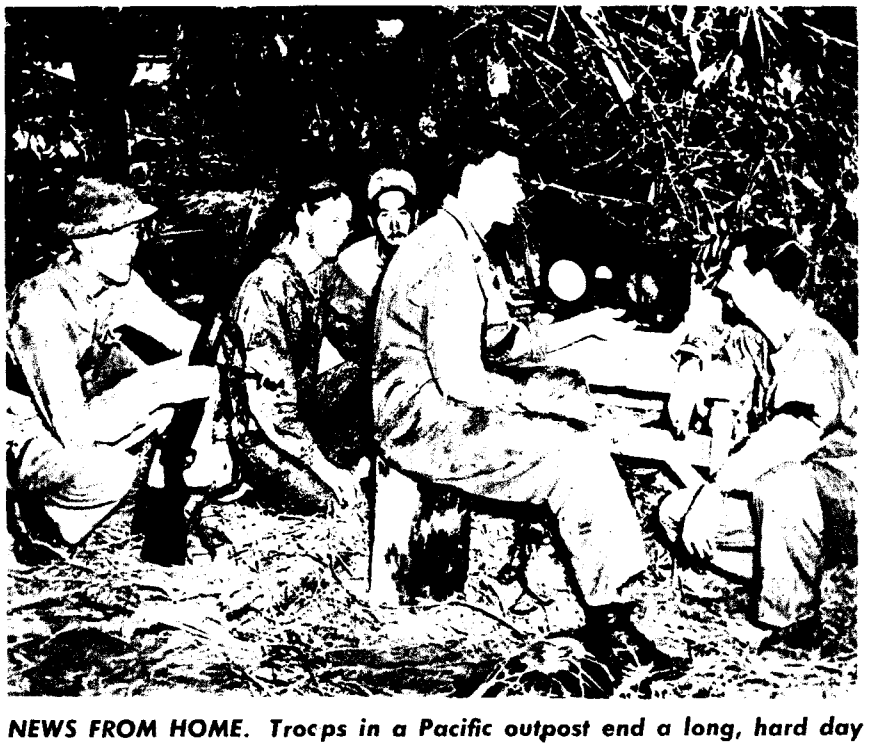
Cities Broadcast To Their Troops

A series of short-wave broadcasts, each sponsored by a newspaper in a different city and intended to interest soldiers from that city, will start this week. Titled, "Men in Service," it will be presented each Saturday night for a year and will be carried by the most powerful short-wave outlets in the Western Hemisphere, General Electric's KGEI, WGEO, and WGEA.

Under the plan, one station in an American city will present a show with a local atmosphere. The program will consist of music, a chat by the mayor, a word from the editor of the sponsoring newspaper, and personal regards from some of the mothers and sweethearts.

Some of the newspapers which will sponsor programs are the Bangor (Me.) News, July 4; Buffalo News, July 11; Indianapolis Star, July 18, and Rochester Times-Union, July 25.

Other papers which will sponsor programs are the New York Sun, St. Louis Post-Dispatch, Knoxville News - Sentinel, Albany Times - Union, Minneapolis Star-Journal, Atlanta Journal, Richmond News-Leader, Kansas City Star, Memphis Commercial-Appeal, Boston Traveler, New Bedford Standard-Times, Manchester Union, Jamestown Post-Journal, Hartford Times, Syracuse Post - Standard, Elmira Star-Gazette, Niagara Falls Gazette, Watertown Times, Worcester Telegram, Waterbury Republican, Portland Press-Herald, Battle Creek Enquirer and News and Poughkeepsie Eagle-News.



***NEWS FROM HOME.** Troops in a Pacific outpost end a long, hard day around the radio, waiting to hear short-wave news beamed out from home.*

Radio Table Designed For Troops Overseas

On this page is a radio schedule designed especially for the men in foreign service. Unlike the week's radio schedule in your Sunday newspaper at home, it does not list separately each day's programs. To do so would involve much repetition, so this arrangement was devised to permit publication of the largest possible number of programs.

The entire week's programs for each hour of the day are listed opposite that hour. To find what programs are on the air at 2 p. m. on any given day, merely look at 2 p. m. and check in the next column for that day's program. The program marked M is Monday's, T is Tuesday's, W is Wednesday's, Th is Thursday's, etc.

News is heard at intervals too frequent to list. Broadcasting news seven days a week, every hour on the hour, are Stations WDJ, WDI, WJQ, WDO, WCW and WLWO.

CLIP AND SAVE

TIME IN IMPORTANT AREAS OF THE WAR WORLD

When it is noon (Eastern War Time) in New York City:

Place	*Local STANDARD Time*
Aleutian Islands	5:00 AM
Hawaii	5:30
Alaska	5:00-7:00
Nome	5:00
Fairbanks	6:00
Juneau	7:00
Mexico	10:00
Guatemala	11:00
Panama	11:00
Jamaica	11:00
Cuba	11:00
Aruba (D.W.I.)	11:30
Nova Scotia	12:00 Noon
Puerto Rico	12:00
Bermuda	12:00
Trinidad	12:00
West Indies	12:00
Dutch Guiana	12:19:25 PM
Newfoundland	12:29
Brazil	1:00 PM
Greenland	1:00-2:00 PM
Iceland	3:00
West African Coast	3:00
England	4:00
Northern Ireland	4:00
Egypt	6:00
Syria	6:00
Iraq	7:00
Lower Red Sea region	7:00
India (except Calcutta)	9:30
Calcutta, India	9:53:21 PM
Burma	10:30
Philippines	12:00 Midnight
Australia	12:00 Mid.-2:00 AM next day
Perth & West Australia	12:00 Midnight
Adelaide	1:30 AM next day
Darwin	1:30 AM next day
Sydney & Melbourne	2:00 AM next day
New Zealand	3:30 AM next day

Bored to Death

Clark Gable walked out of a ball game recently at the Polo Grounds between the Giants and the Cardinals when the score was tied 3 to 3 in the last of the ninth. He was probably disappointed because there was no Mickey Mouse.

A. E. F. Radio Schedule

Time	Program	Day	Sta.
12:00 AM—12:30 AM	Here's News from Home	T-S	WW
12:00 AM— 1:00 AM	Big Town	Su	KWID
12:00 AM— 1:00 AM	Brush Creek Follies	M	KWID
12:00 AM— 1:00 AM	Crime Doctor	T	KWID
12:00 AM— 1:00 AM	Gay Nineties	W	KWID
12:00 AM— 1:00 AM	Freddy Martin	Th	KWID
12:00 AM— 1:00 AM	Andre Kostelanetz	F	KWID
12:00 AM— 1:00 AM	Duffy's Tavern	S	KWID
12:30 AM— 1:30 AM	Army Hour	M	KGEI
12:45 AM— 1:00 AM	Fred Waring	T-F	KGEI
1:15 AM— 2:00 AM	Baseball Recreation	Su-S	KWID
1:30 AM— 2:00 AM	Variety Show	M	KGEI
1:30 AM— 2:00 AM	Cavalcade of America	T	KGEI
1:30 AM— 2:00 AM	John Freedom	Th	KGEI
1:30 AM— 2:00 AM	Rudy Vallee	F	KGEI
1:30 AM— 2:00 AM	Herbert Marshall	S	KGEI
2:00 AM— 2:30 AM	Overseas Jive	W, Th, & F	KWID
2:00 AM— 2:45 AM	Hit Parade	T	KWID
2:00 AM— 3:00 AM	Matinee at Meadowbrook	Su	KWID
2:30 AM— 2:45 AM	Press Box Sports	S	KWID
2:30 AM— 2:45 AM	Glen Miller	W, Th, & F	KWID
2:30 AM— 2:45 AM	Henry King	S	KWID
2:30 AM— 3:00 AM	Hour of Charm	M	KGEI
2:30 AM— 3:00 AM	American Album of Music	T	KGEI
2:30 AM— 3:00 AM	Aldrich Family	F	KGEI
2:30 AM— 3:00 AM	Waltz Time	S	KGEI
2:30 AM— 3:15 AM	Hit Parade	Su	KGEI
3:00 AM— 3:15 AM	Your Grand Stand Seat	S	KGEI
3:00 AM— 3:30 AM	Here's News From Home	M-S	KWID
3:00 AM— 3:30 AM	Command Performance	Su	KWID
3:30 AM— 4:00 AM	Hour of Charm	M	KGEI
3:30 AM— 4:00 AM	American Album of Music	T	KGEI
3:30 AM— 4:00 AM	Aldrich Family	F	KGEI
3:30 AM— 4:00 AM	Waltz Time	S	KGEI
4:15 AM— 4:30 AM	Hi Neighbor	T, Th, & S	KGEI
4:30 AM— 5:00 AM	Telephone Hour	T	KGEI
4:30 AM— 5:00 AM	Burns and Allen	W	KGEI
4:30 AM— 5:00 AM	American Melody Hour	Th	KGEI
4:30 AM— 5:00 AM	Fanny Brice	F	KGEI
4:30 AM— 5:00 AM	Salute to Men in Service	S	KGEI
4:30 AM— 5:00 AM	Command Performance	Su	KGEI
5:30 AM— 6:00 AM	Variety Show	M	KGEI
5:30 AM— 6:00 AM	Cavalcade of America	T	KGEI
5:30 AM— 6:00 AM	John Freedom	Th	KGEI
5:30 AM— 6:00 AM	Rudy Vallee	F	KGEI
5:30 AM— 6:00 AM	Herbert Marshall	S	KGEI
6:30 AM— 7:00 AM	Here's News From Home	M-S	WJQ
6:30 AM— 7:00 AM	Command Performance	Su	WJQ
6:45 AM— 7:00 AM	Your Grand Stand Seat	S	CBS
6:45 AM— 7:15 AM	We, the People at War	T	CBS
6:45 AM— 7:30 AM	Family Hour	F	CBS
7:00 AM— 7:30 AM	Take It or Leave It	W	CBS
7:00 AM— 7:55 AM	Kate Smith	M	CBS
7:00 AM— 8:00 AM	Radio Theatre	Th	CBS
7:00 AM— 8:00 AM	Cheers From the Camps	S	CBS
7:00 AM— 8:00 AM	Fred Allen	Su	CBS
7:15 AM— 8:00 AM	Melody Ranch	T	CBS
7:30 AM— 8:00 AM	The First Line	W	CBS
7:30 AM— 8:00 AM	The Gay Nineties	F	CBS
8:30 AM— 9:00 AM	Here's News From Home	M-S	WJQ
8:30 AM— 9:00 AM	Command Performance	Su	WJQ
9:00 AM— 9:15 AM	News	M-S	WGEA
9:00 AM— 9:15 AM	Service Serenade	T-S	NBC
9:00 AM—10:00 AM	Army Hour	M	NBC
9:00 AM—10:00 AM	Bing Crosby	S	KGEI
9:15 AM— 9:30 AM	Your Grand Stand Seat	S	NBC
9:15 AM— 9:30 AM	Bill Stern	Su	NBC
9:30 AM— 9:45 AM	Swing Music	M-F	WGEA
9:30 AM— 9:45 AM	Ben Bernie	M-F	CBS
9:30 AM— 9:45 AM	Your Grand Stand Seat	S	WGEA
9:30 AM—10:00 AM	John Freedom	Su	KWID
9:30 AM—10:00 AM	Band Wagon	Su	NBC
9:30 AM—10:00 AM	Great Moments in Music	S	CBS
9:30 AM—10:00 AM	Major Bowes	Su	CBS
9:30 AM—10:00 AM	Here's News From Home	M-S	WDO, WCW
9:30 AM—10:00 AM	Command Performance	Su	WDO, WCW
9:45 AM—10:00 AM	Sports Roundup	M-S	WGEA
10:00 AM—10:30 AM	Famous Jury Trials	Th	NBC
10:00 AM—10:30 AM	Command Performance	Su	NBC
10:20 AM—11:00 AM	Information Please	T	NBC
10:20 AM—11:00 AM	Kay Kyser	Th	NBC
10:20 AM—11:00 AM	Schaeffer Revue	S	NBC
10:45 AM—11:45 AM	Army Hour	M	KGEI
11:00 AM—11:30 AM	Command Performance	Su	KGEI
11:00 AM—11:30 AM	Salute to Men in Service	S	KGEI
11:00 AM—11:30 AM	Hour of Charm	T	KGEI
11:00 AM—11:30 AM	Rudy Vallee	F	KGEI
11:00 AM—11:30 AM	Truth or Consequences	T	NBC
11:00 AM—11:30 AM	Fanny Brice	S	NBC
11:00 AM—12:00 N	Barn Dance	Su	NBC
11:30 AM—12:00 N	John Freedom	Su	KWID
11:30 AM—12:00 N	Aldrich Family	S	NBC
11:30 AM—12:00 N	Command Performance	Su	CBS
12:00 N —12:30 PM	March of Time	Su	WGEA, WGEO
12:00 N —12:30 PM	Ellery Queen	S	NBC
12:00 N — 1:00 PM	Bing Crosby	Su	NBC
12:30 PM— 1:00 PM	Here's News From Home	M-S	WRUL, WRUW, WDO
12:30 PM— 1:00 PM	Command Performance	Su	WDO
12:30 PM— 1:00 PM	Salute to Men in Service	Su	WGEA
12:30 PM— 1:00 PM	Burns and Allen	S	NBC
1:00 PM— 1:15 PM	News	Su-S	NBC
1:15 PM— 1:30 PM	Your Grand Stand Seat	S	WW
1:15 PM— 1:45 PM	Johnny Presents	Su	NBC
1:15 PM— 1:45 PM	Musical Steelmakers	M	NBC
1:15 PM— 1:45 PM	Dr. I. Q.	T	NBC
1:15 PM— 1:45 PM	Treasure Chest	W	NBC
1:15 PM— 1:45 PM	Three Ring Roundup	Th	NBC
1:15 PM— 1:45 PM	Inner Sanctum Mystery	F	NBC
1:15 PM— 1:45 PM	Al Pierce	S	NBC
1:30 PM— 2:00 PM	Swing Music	S	WW
1:30 PM— 2:00 PM	Command Performance	Su	WGEA
1:45 PM— 2:15 PM	Here's News From Home	M-S	WBOS
2:30 PM— 3:00 PM	Here's News From Home	M-S	WCB
2:30 PM— 3:00 PM	Command Performance	Su	WCB
3:00 PM— 3:15 PM	News	M-S	WGEA
3:00 PM— 3:30 PM	Here's News From Home	M-S	WCW
3:00 PM— 3:30 PM	Command Performance	Su	WCW
3:15 PM— 3:30 PM	Sports Roundup	M-S	WGEA
5:00 PM— 5:30 PM	March of Time	S	WGEA, WGEO
5:15 PM— 5:45 PM	Here's News From Home	M-S	WLWO
5:15 PM— 5:45 PM	Command Performance	Su	WLWO
5:30 PM— 5:45 PM	Variety	T	WW
5:30 PM— 5:45 PM	Weekly Sports Review	Th	WW
6:30 PM— 7:00 PM	Command Performance	Su	WW
6:30 PM— 7:00 PM	Command Performance	Su	WGEA, WGEO
6:30 PM— 7:00 PM	Salute to Men in Service	S	WGEA, WGEO
6:30 PM— 7:00 PM	Hour of Charm	M	WGEO
7:00 PM— 7:15 PM	News	Su-S	WBOS
7:15 PM— 7:45 PM	Command Performance	Su	WBOS
7:30 PM— 7:45 PM	Wendy Davis, Sports	M-S	WBOS
7:45 PM— 8:00 PM	Your Grand Stand Seat	Su	WBOS
7:50 PM— 8:00 PM	Jim Britt, Sports	M-F	WW
8:00 PM— 8:15 PM	Your Grand Stand Seat	S	WGEA, WGEO
8:00 PM— 8:30 PM	Command Performance	Su	KGEI
9:15 PM— 9:45 PM	Command Performance	Su	CBS, WLWO
9:45 PM—10:00 PM	Your Grand Stand Seat	S	KGEI
10:00 PM—10:30 PM	Salute to Men in Service	S	KGEI
10:45 PM—11:00 PM	Your Grand Stand Seat	S	WLWO
11:00 PM—11:15 PM	News	Su-S	NBC
11:15 PM—11:30 PM	Joe Hasel, Sports	M-F	NBC
11:15 PM—11:45 PM	Command Performance	Su	NBC
11:30 PM—12:00 M	Victory Parade	M	NBC

RADIO LOG

		Beamed on
CBS		
WCBX	15,270 KC.—19.6 M	Europe and Latin America
WCRC	11,830 KC.—25.3 M	Europe and Latin America
WCDA	11,830 KC.—25.3 M 17,830 KC.—16.8 M	Europe and Latin America
NBC		
WRCA	15,150 KC.—19.8 M 9,670 KC.—31.02M	Europe and Latin America
WNBI	17,780 KC.—16.8 M 11,890 KC.—25.3 M	Europe and Latin America
WBOS	15,210 KC.—19.72M 11,870 KC.—25.26M	North Europe Latin America
General Electric Co.		
WGEA	15,330 KC.—19.56M 9,550 KC.—31.41M	Europe and Latin America
WGEO	9,530 KC.—31.48M	Latin America
KGEI	7,250 KC.—41.38M 15,330 KC.—19.56M	Far East and Latin America
World Wide		
WRUL	11,790 KC.—25.4 M 11,730 KC.—25.6 M	Europe and Latin America
WRUW	9,700 KC.—30.9 M 17,750 KC.—16.9 M	Europe and Latin America
WRUS	6,040 KC.—49.6 M	Europe and Latin America
WLWO	11,710 KC.—25.6 M 15,250 KC.19.7 M	Europe and Latin America
WCW	15,850 KC.—18.9 M	Europe
WPJ	11,640 KC.—25.8 M	Africa
WJQ	10,010 KC.—30.0 M	Australia
WDJ	7,565 KC.—39.7 M	Europe
WDI	5.052 KC.—59.4 M	Europe
WDO	14,470 KC.—20.7 M	Europe and Africa
KWID	15,290 KC.—19.6 M	Far East

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ON THE SCREEN

(All pictures reviewed in this column are scheduled for distribution to overseas forces by the Special Services. This is designed as a brief preview of what's in the works.)

True to the Army (Paramount)

Typical Army-camp musical. You'd think we never did anything but soft shoe dances. Perhaps a 13 weeks basic training course for movie executives might change some of the odd ideas they have about Army life. Anyway, this could be a worse picture. It has Ann Miller, who dances on a very pretty pair of pins. It also has Jerry Colonna, concealed behind a mustache of epic proportions, who spends most of his time cross-breeding parrots with carrier pigeons to produce a bird that can carry verbal messages. It also has Judy Canova, who reminds us of an aunt of ours.

The Gay Sisters (Warner Brothers)

As if you'd never seen anything like it before, the movie covers a span of years from the *Lusitania* sinking to right now. Barbara Stanwyck strides around a great deal and tells off everyone in the cast, which includes good old George Brent, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Donald Crisp, someone named Gig Young, and Nancy Coleman. Unsuited for sergeants.

Juke Girl (Warner Brothers)

Warner's took up the option on "King's Row" as soon as it left the two-a-day and slapped a couple of its stars into another picture. The stars are Ronald Reagan and Ann Sheridan, and the picture is about itinerant fruit and vegetable pickers in Florida. They're tough people. If we could only get them all in the Army we'd win the war in a walk. The supporting cast includes Richard Whorf, George Tobias, Gene Lockart and Alan Hale.

Holiday Inn (Paramount)

An O.K. job. Irving Berlin music, Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, and a new slant on the back-stage story makes this a definite *must*. It's a bonanza.

Eagle Squadron (Universal)

If you can forget the plot, you'll see some good shots of air attacks and manoeuvers. Of course, if you're in a spot where you can look up every day and see the real thing, there's no sense in seeing the picture. The cast is good, with the possible exception of Diana Barrymore, who has a name and not much else.

Friendly Enemies (United Artists)

Right out of the corn bin, and a flag-waver to boot. Charles Winninger and Charlie Ruggles play what they like to believe are comic roles. They ain't, Mac, they ain't.

The Road to Morocco (Paramount)

Another Hope-Crosby opus. The boys are on the desert this time. They meet up with Dorothy Lamour who is the sheba of a sheik but that don't last. Funny as a sergeant's face. Crosby ends up by joining the Marines, a fact that may well change the whole course of the war. Their next will be "The Road To Tokyo."

Hollywood is making at least one movie as kissless as weekend K.P. It's a Navy story and there isn't a woman in the cast, but even without dames it's run into censorship. The studio wanted to call the opus "Come Hell Or High Water," but censors disapprove of "hell" in a movie title.

Amateur and Pro Tennis Groups May Make Up Soon

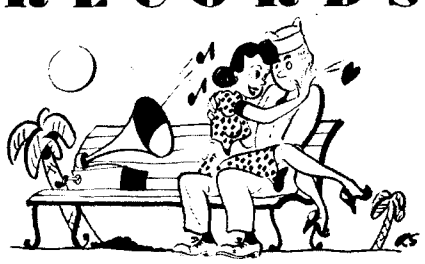
There may be an open tennis tournament, with pros playing against amateurs for the first time in American court history, before the summer is over.

With Don Budge, Frank Kovacs and Bobby Riggs now in the money making class, there isn't a single big name left in U. S. amateur tennis, except that of Frank Parker. And so the professionals are at last in a position to tell the amateurs off about the management of big tournaments.

"We are well organized and the amateurs need us," says Charles Wood, president of the professional group. "In England a number of matches have been held between amateurs and pros for war relief. There is no reason why it can't happen here."

NEAT DISH. It's Carol Bruce, sensational hit on Broadway in "Louisiana Purchase," now signed for pictures. First movie job was "This Woman is Mine." You'll see her soon in "Keep 'em Flying." She is 5 feet 5 inches, weighs 112 pounds, has black hair and dark brown eyes (m-m-m-m-m-m).

RECORDS



(When your platters from Records for Our Fighting Men, Inc., start rolling into your bivouac—as they will, soon—keep an ear out for these headliners.)

By Pvt. H. N. Oliphant

St. James Infirmary Blues . . Artie Shaw . . Victor

On June 19th Artie Shaw loosened his mouthpiece, unhooked his agony-pipe, took off his low-down blues, and changed to navy blue, becoming in the process a Seaman 1st class for Uncle Sam. But he's still making records. This recently released disc of *St. James Infirmary* is out of the top drawer.

Solid strings predominate, weaving into the background a socko pattern through which he and, later, Hot Lips Page thread inspired zest and drive. If this masterpiece is eventually hung in swingland's gallery of fame, don't be surprised. It's that good.

Ooch Ooch A Goon Attach . . Woody Herman . . Decca

This screw-ball conception, which undertakes to describe in double-talk what happens when a song is done in reverse (spell the title backwards), should hand you a laugh or two. Moreover, under the zany lyrics by Woody et al., there's a load of jump rhythm that rides well. All told, a clever, amusing job.

Come And Get It . . Harry James . . Elite Label

Here is a blues-plate special of sizzling jive that will delight the rhythmic palates of everyone from a hep general down to a pill-roller. Even New Jersey corporals will like it.

James served this platter back in the days when as a bandleader he was damp behind the ears, but don't let that discourage you, because the solid drive on this repressing job is still piping hot in the wax.

Movies for All, Red War Policy

The Russians are seeing a lot of movies these days.

Soldiers along the 1,500-mile front, workers in the factories and farmers in the fields are enjoying more feature pictures and defense shorts than they ever saw before the war started. They even show movies to the women and children in the Moscow and Leningrad subways during German air raids.

The Soviets consider moving pictures a necessary part of the war program. Film studios in Russia are operating 24 hours a day, turning out full-length features with wartime themes and technical shorts on such subjects as "Camouflage," "Organization in Air Raid" and "How to Tell Enemy Planes from Our Own."

The Russians also go big for fictionalized newsreels, with a famous screen star acting as master of ceremonies. One of these, called "The Firm Handshake," dramatizes the alliance with Great Britain.

Another series along that line, showing old Revolutionary heroes returning to the present day scene, has been a big hit. These pictures would be like American movies showing George Washington returning to the Armored Force at Fort Knox or Admiral Dewey giving the Japs hell at Midway.

The Russians feel that movies have the same effect on people in wartime as a good Knute Rockne fight talk used to have on the Notre Dame football team between the halves of the Southern California game.

And judging from the way they are dishing it out to the Nazis, maybe they're right.

Troops will Get More Jive on Air

Pvt. F. E. Miller of Scotch Plains, N. J., now somewhere in Australia, wants to hear more solid jive on the shortwave radio.

Pvt. Miller's request was inspired by the arrival of nine hot phonograph records, a gift from Miss Laura Childs, his girl in the U. S. He played them in an Australian music store and the crowd went wild.

Miller and other members of the Australian task force, voiced their opinions to an American newspaper correspondent. "Why don't the broadcasts from home have more hot jazz in them?" they asked. The correspondent wirelessed the story back to the U. S. and directors of the C.W.I. radio show, "News From Home" took the hint.

Henceforth, its programs will be spiced with an extra helping of music. There will be more recordings of both hot and sweet numbers. All records reviewed in YANK will be shortwaved overseas by C.W.I. If you, like Pvt. Miller, have any favorites, write them in to us and we'll try to get them aired.

Movie Star—Without a Movie

Jane Russell, as if you didn't know. Technically a movie queen, Jane's one and only picture, "The Outlaw," never was released. Miss R., nevertheless, rode high on a smart publicity job. She's now one of the most photographed starlets in America. She probably has graced the underside of more foot locker tops than any other gal. So just in case any of you guys lost her on the way across. . . .

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SPORTS

This fine old-fashioned Flatbush free-for-all took place at Ebbetts Field during the opening game of the recent crucial Dodgers-Cardinals series. Joe Medwick slid into second base with his spikes high and one word led to another, with both teams rushing on the field for a 10-minute Donnybrook Fair battle. Questioned afterwards about casualties in the fight, Manager Leo Durocher of Dodgers innocently raised his eyebrows and said, "What fight?"

Can't Somebody Beat Dem Bums?

By CPL. JOE McCARTHY
Yank Sports Editor

Nothing, except maybe an epidemic of the measles, will stop them Bums from winning the National League pennant again this summer.

That is the cold and unprejudiced opinion of Mr. Jack Doyle, the eminent Broadway betting commissioner who makes his bread and butter on such predictions. He had just finished watching the Brooklyn Dodgers ruin their only dangerous opposition, the St. Louis Cardinals, in the recent crooshul series at Ebbets Field.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Doyle is so positive about Brooklyn that for the first time in 40 years he absolutely refuses to give June odds on the Dodger chances of reaching the World Series.

"I would have given you something a few weeks ago," he says calmly. "But after what the Brooks have done to the Cards, naming a price against them would be utter folly."

Predicts Subway Series

This is high tribute to the Larry MacPhail Marching and Chowder Academy. Usually Mr. Doyle will bet on anything. He has even been known to offer 5 to 2 that hot and cold running water is just a passing fancy and will be replaced eventually by the old town pump.

But Mr. Doyle won't risk a nickel against the Dodgers. He feels same way about the Yankees in the American League. The present Yank slump, he declares, is merely temporary.

"But the Dodgers are hotter than the Yankees," he declares. "They've whipped the Cards at every phase of the game, brow-beat them, outhit them and outwitted them. The only bet now is that New York will have another nickel World Series."

Cards Look Silly

There is something in what Mr. Doyle says. The Cardinals blew into Brooklyn—fresh from a prolonged winning streak, only four and a half games behind the Brooklyns and ready to take over first place. But the Dodgers changed their attitude.

Leo Durocher and his boys did everything but pick the Cardinals' pockets. In the first game of the series, the two teams engaged in an old fashioned free-for-all Flatbush fight when the Cardinals were leading 2 to 1. After order was restored, the Dodgers came back to win in the eighth on a squeeze play, 5 to 2.

The next day, Pete Reiser caused much embarrassment among the St. Louis squad by stealing home with the winning run for a 4 to 3 decision. That's the way it went every day. You can't blame Mr. Doyle for not risking his dough on a team like the Dodgers.

Waner Reaches 3000 Hit Mark

BOSTON — Big Poison Paul Waner, the former Pirates star now playing his 17th season of National League baseball in the Braves outfield, has collected his 3,000th base hit.

Only six other players in major league history have reached that mark — Ty Cobb, Tris Speaker, Honus Wagner, Eddie Collins, Napoleon Lajoie and Cap Anson.

Strangely enough, the 39-year-old veteran was facing his old team, the Pirates, when he cracked out the 3,000-hit ball. Umpire Tom Dunn halted the game to present him with the ball, while his wife and 13-year-old son stood in the stands and applauded with the rest of the crowd.

Waner's long-time rival, Frank Frisch, now the Pittsburgh manager, rushed out of the dugout and shook his hand.

But the sweetness and light departed soon afterward as the close game developed into an 11 inning thriller.

EXTRA! YANKS LOSE 5 GAMES

Hedy Lamarr didn't bleach her hair blonde and Hitler didn't bite Goering in the leg but something just as sensational happened in the American League. The Yankees lost five straight games, including a couple of shut-outs.

Two of these defeats occurred in Detroit and the third, under lights in Cleveland, was marked by a particularly disgraceful episode. Joe DiMaggio struck out in three successive trips to the plate, a performance unequalled in the seven years of his major league career.

Only One Hit

Then next day, came the pay-off. DiMaggio got a hit but was the only Yankee on the premises who did. The rest of the world champions couldn't even connect with a decent foul tip. Who was the Cleveland pitcher causing the Bronx Bombers so much embarrassment? A 34-year-old left hander who was dropped out of the National League three years ago—Al Smith.

Beating Yankee ace Ernie Bonham for the second time in recent weeks, Smith let only two New Yorkers get on base. First, DiMaggio with the only hit of the game and later Buddy Hassett on an error. Then with Hassett waiting on second, the old Giant cast-off struck out DiMaggio and Joe Gordon to retire the side.

Bronx Is Worried

Things like that happen every day to other ball clubs but when they happen to the Yankees, everybody in the Bronx, even the monkeys in the zoo, lie awake nights worrying about it. Joe McCarthy's men still hold an adequate lead over the second place Boston Red Sox but the team is in a slump.

DiMaggio isn't himself and Charley Keller was benched during the middle of June. The veteran Lefty Gomez has been beaten in his last two starts.

"They tell me I'm not throwing the ball hard enough," Gomez says. "They're nuts. I'm throwing it twice as hard as I used to but it's not travelling half as fast."

LEAGUE STANDINGS

(AS OF JUNE 23)

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	New York	Boston	Cleveland	Detroit	St. Louis	Chicago	Philadelphia	Washington	Won	Lost	Percentage	Games behind
New York	—	5	6	4	5	8	6	9	43	19	.694	—
Boston	3	—	4	6	6	6	6	4	35	25	.583	7
Cleveland	5	2	—	3	6	4	8	7	35	30	.538	9½
Detroit	6	2	6	—	6	6	4	6	37	32	.536	9½
St. Louis	3	3	6	4	—	5	6	4	31	35	.470	14
Chicago	0	3	3	5	3	—	6	5	25	36	.410	17½
Phila.	1	6	3	5	5	3	—	5	28	41	.406	18½
Wash'ton	1	3	2	5	4	4	5	—	24	40	.375	20
Games lost	19	25	30	32	35	36	41	40	—	—		

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	Brooklyn	St. Louis	Cincinnati	New York	Pittsburgh	Chicago	Boston	Philadelphia	Won	Lost	Percentage	Games behind
Brooklyn	—	5	5	6	4	9	8	6	43	17	.717	—
St. Louis	4	—	5	9	3	5	4	5	35	24	.593	7½
Cincin.	2	6	—	2	6	3	10	6	35	28	.556	9½
New York	5	3	6	—	4	6	4	5	33	32	.508	12½
Pittsb'gh	2	3	2	4	—	5	6	8	30	32	.484	14
Chicago	2	3	5	5	7	—	4	5	31	35	.470	15
Boston	0	3	1	5	4	5	—	10	28	40	.412	19
Phila.	2	1	4	1	4	2	4	—	18	45	.286	26½
Games lost	17	24	28	32	32	35	40	45	—	—		

LEADING BATTERS

(AS OF JUNE 23)

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	G.	A.B.	R.	H.	PC.
Gordon, N. Y.	59	221	30	81	.367
Doerr, Boston	53	211	26	74	.351
Spence, Wash.	62	262	38	86	.328
Fleming, Cleve.	65	238	36	78	.328
Dickey, N. Y.	39	132	12	43	.326

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	G.	A.B.	R.	H.	PC.
Reiser, Brooklyn	51	202	42	72	.356
Medwick, Brooklyn	55	203	25	71	.350
Lombardi, Boston	48	135	17	43	.319
Owen, Brooklyn	44	129	21	41	.318
LaManno, Cincin.	44	143	19	45	.315

HOME RUNS

(AS OF JUNE 22)

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Williams, Boston	15
York, Detroit	14
Doerr, Boston	11
DiMaggio, N. Y.	10

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Mize, N. Y.	11
Camilli, Brooklyn	10
F. McCormick, Cincinnati	9
West, Boston	9
Ott, New York	9

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Dodds Wins A. A. U. Championship

Games Aid Army Fund

The closest thing to Olympic games in the world this year, the National A.A.U. track and field championships at Randall's Island, New York, were attended by only a handful of spectators. And still it was a complete sell-out, a smashing success both athletically and financially.

Sounds daffy, doesn't it?

Well, it happened like this. The meet was an Army Relief Fund benefit. The program with a cover by Walt Disney made an advertising profit of $65,000 and the public bought 20,000 tickets for service men at a dollar apiece. The committee sold a few thousand more tickets, thereby making a fine profit for the fund.

Although the house was a sell-out and the weather was fine, only half the bought-and-paid-for tickets were used. Which was a shame because the track meet was terrific.

Misses World Record

Cornelius Warmerdam, the Babe Ruth of pole vaulters, broke his A.A.U. record, clearing the bar at 15 feet, 2½ inches on his first try. Later he just missed breaking the world record at 15 feet, 9 inches.

Gil Dodds, the divinity student who wears the Boston A.A. colors, collected revenge for the indoor beatings he took over the mile route from Leslie MacMitchell last winter. He breezed home winner in the featured 1500 meter event, the metric equivalent of the mile, 14 yards ahead of Leroy Weed of Southern California, with MacMitchell a badly beaten third. The time was 3 minutes, 50.2 seconds, about the same as a 4:08 mile.

Little Gregory Rice, rejected by the army because of a double hernia, romped off with the 5,000 meter championship for the fifth straight year.

Davis Wins Twice

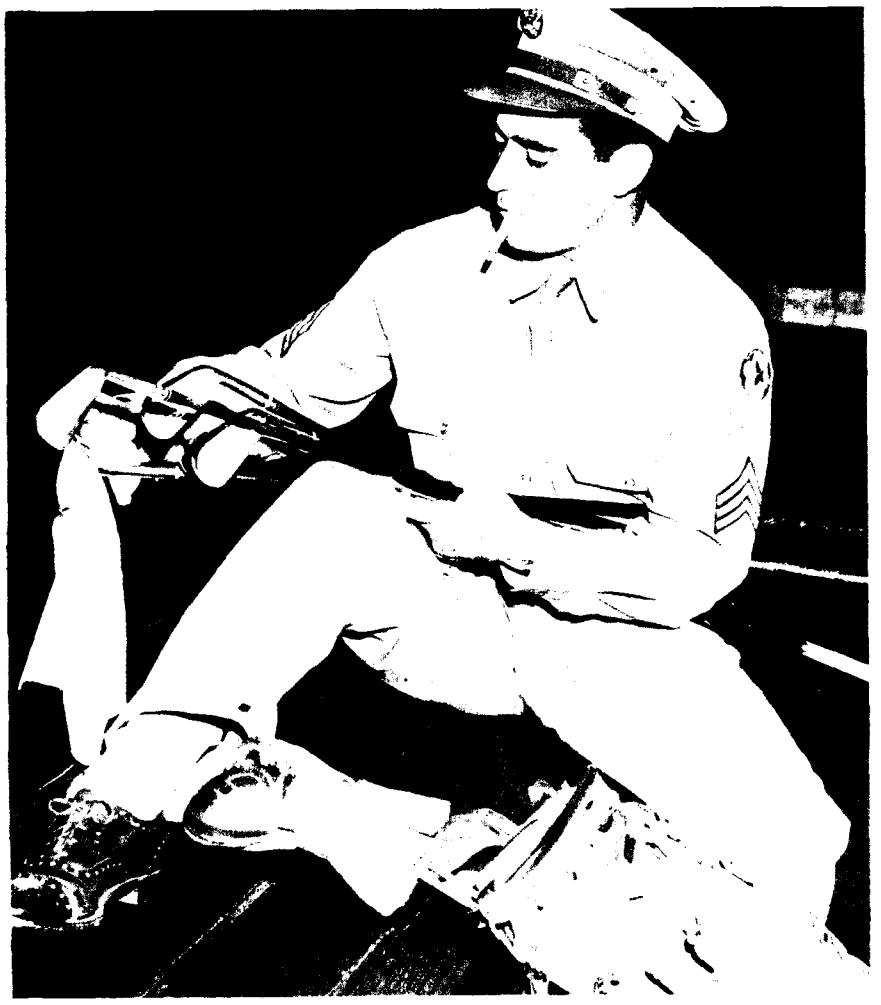
Harold Davis, from the lettuce growing section of California, won both sprinting events, thus proving that salads are a source of speed—John Borican, the great Negro middle distance star, won his first A.A.U. title, beating the National Collegiate champ, Bill Lyda, as well as Charley Beetham and Campbell Kane in the 800 meters.

Among the other new champions are Lt. Joe McCluskey in the 10,000 meters, Cliff Bourland of Southern California in the 400 meters, Al Blozis, the ex-Georgetown heavyweight, in the shot put and Billy Brown from the Norfolk Naval training station in both the running broad jump and the hop, skip and jump.

And, oh yes, the New York A.C. won the team championship.

Gas Cut Affects Football

Restrictions on automobile and train travel because of the war may change the location of many a big football game next fall. Dartmouth and Cornell are planning to meet in the Yankee Stadium instead of Hanover, N. H., and Princeton is considering shifting the Penn game from its Palmer Stadium to Philadelphia.



Sgt. Jim Turnesa of the famous golfing Turnesa family spent his June furlough at Ridgemoor Country Club, Chicago, competing in the Hale America tournament, wartime substitute for the National Open. But Ben Hogan won it, with Jim's brother Mike and Jimmy Demaret tied for second.

Louis-Conn Fight Postponed as Joe Goes to Cavalry at Fort Riley

Cpl. Joseph Louis Barrow, 32193789, won't be doing much boxing this summer. The heavyweight champion has packed his barracks bags and left New York to join the cavalry at Fort Riley, Kansas.

The Brown Bomber's departure stopped all talk of a warm weather All-Army championship bout with Pvt. Billy Conn. Mike Jacobs has been trying to arrange a title match so that Joe will be able to pay the government that $117,000 he owes for 1941 income taxes.

But a Louis-Conn fight may be arranged after the corporal finishes his basic training at Fort Riley. Joe was glad to go because he always wanted to get into the cavalry.

Somebody told him, as he was turning in his bunk to the supply sergeant at Camp Upton, that Fort Riley has the best boxing team in the army.

"Well, maybe I can make the second team," he grinned.

Joe recently received a letter from a Russian heavyweight named Nikolai Okorolyov. It seems that Nikolai had just returned from the German front lines and he gave Louis a lot of inside dope on how to fight the Nazis with guerrilla warfare.

Three New York managers immediately tried to contact the Russian and arrange a bout between him and the champion after the war is over.

But if Louis plans to meet any European heavies after the armistice, his first opponent will be Freddie Mills, the new English sensation who has the whole British Isles in excitement.

Mills has something that no English heavyweight has possessed in many years—a punch. He knocked Len Harvey completely out of the ring in his last appearance.

Hein To Quit Giants

Mel Hein, the outstanding center in professional football, will leave the New York Giants at the end of their next season to coach the 1943 Union College football team in Schenectady, N. Y. A married man with two children, Hein is doing his bit by working in a Long Island aircraft factory this summer.

The All Star battle between the two major leagues, incidentally, will start this year at 6:30 in the evening. The gate receipts will go into a fund to buy bats, balls and gloves for the soldiers, sailors, marines and coast guards.

SPORT SHORTS

Aqueduct paid off the biggest daily double in New York pari mutuel history at its June meeting—$1,405.40—and most of the lucky ticket holders were women. One of them was Mrs. Jackie Westrop, wife of the noted jockey. She used to be Nan Grey in the movies.

St. Mary's College in California has hired Jimmy Phelan as football coach for the duration. An old Notre Dame quarterback, Phelan formerly coached at Missouri, Purdue and Washington.

Fred Perry has retired from professional tennis because of a chronic elbow injury. Vinnie Richards, the old court star, is a lieutenant in the New York State Guard and J. Gilbert Hall is in the tank forces at Fort Knox.

Clark Shaughnessy may coach the Western All-Army football team that will play the New York Giants at the Polo Grounds in November for the Fresh Air Fund and Army Relief.

Horsemen at Suffolk Downs in Boston struck because the track wouldn't raise its claiming event purses from $1,000 to $1,200. After the State Racing Commission reviewed the case, they won the raise.

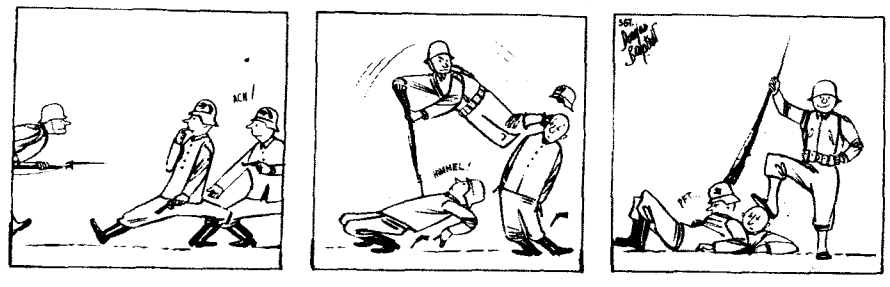
The Phils have released Cy Blanton and the Cleveland Indians have dropped Clint Brown.

The Navy announces that its athletes will not be allowed to participate in commercially sponsored sports events. And they may take part in non-commercial athletics only if they can return to their regular duty within 48 hours.

Ben Kish, quarterback for the Brooklyn Dodgers last fall, is back in the Ninth Division at Fort Bragg as a corporal. He was released from there on dependency last summer but joined again a few months ago and requested duty with his old outfit. He got it.

Mort Cooper of the Cardinals, with the best major league pitching record of the season, is expected to give the National League an edge over the American League in the big All-Star game at the Polo Grounds, July 6th. That means the Nationals will probably be the winning team that will meet the All-Service nine in Chicago, on the next day, July 7.

How the High School Pole Vault Champ Made His P.F.C.



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YANK
THE ARMY NEWSPAPER
5¢ JULY 1, 1942
VOL. I, NO. 3
PUBLISHED WEEKLY
By the men . . for the men in the service

FROM MOUNTAIN TOP, *U. S. infantrymen pour machine gun fire on road bend from high ground in heart of Canal Zone hill country. Through jungles and highlands these troops moved in recent maneuvers which gave U. S. soldiers toughest tests outside actual combat. Gunner here and his observer wear inner part of new type helmet. Thorough training of these canal guards warn Hitler and Hirohito to keep hands off our tropical lifeline.*

IT AIN'T HAY, SOLDIER

Maybe you can't pick dough off the shrubbery out your way, but you can subscribe to YANK and save plenty.

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BUSHMASTERS. *American troops in Panama here ford tropical stream in phase of jungle warfare training. Nicknamed for a poisonous snake of the region, they represent crack U. S. elements stationed in Canal Zone area. Note amazing fire power of this small unit alone.*

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